HUSBANDS.
WOMAN.

your wife upon a sub-
is danger of wound-
Remember that she
ord that you utter,
ver think of it again.
some virtue in anoth-
emind your own of a

your wife with a per-
she has sensibility,
l difficult to heal.
ur wife with inatten-
t touches her pride—
respect you more, or
it.
your wife in the pres-
rson. The sense of
or her feelings, will
acknowledging her

your wife with praise
l accomplishments of

n, invite your friends
your wife at home,—
that you esteemed
anionable than herself.
ve a pleasant home and
ss your evenings under

and silent in your own
arkable for sociability

your wife has as much
n as yourself, and de-
least, of your leisure
ciety and amusements
By so doing, you will
iles, and increase her

ng too exact in pecuma-
your wife feel her de-
our bounty. It tends
nity of character, and
her esteem for you—
le woman, she should
ith your business and
me—that she may
ld expenses accord-
membered that pecu-
more difficulty in fa-
ther one cause. Y
l right with yourself
n the world—the re-
ade acquainted, as ne
ith that which is
to both. Do not
ledge in order to
vagance. Woman
—be sure she w
fishness—and thot
from that momer
ned. her confiden
pride wounded,
naps unjust, susp
that moment is yo
on the wane.

[*Boston Tr*

LAST REQUEST.

rewell," I cried; "
be my bride—till
et adieu—in silen
."
ng tears strained
er thickening bre
ighs—her tongue
ay—"Farewell!"—

t stay," she stamm
thought I wheeled ab
speak! can aught be
when I am gone?
imens of art from
rt—I'll sketch for
ene, to let thee see where
A stone from Simplon's
t, shall gratify thy curious
nb the fiery Etna's side
treasures for my bride;
, each ship shall bear a
my fair."
" the weeping angel said
ulder fell her head—
r tears are hostage—but
e, please pay the post

truly said that we make
wn misery and unhappi-
en complain of Providence
uld refer our evils to our-
good we do, or the prospe-
ds any of our efforts, we
ous to turn to our praise
are guilty of evil or im-
e wish the world to forgive
and that they are the re-
titutional or external cau-
ve have no control. Th
man's nature is to comm
eak after the manner of th
but we deny that sin is a
oidable necessity of man's
. Man cannot discharge
of his relation to God per-
relations to his fellow man
ent character, and for the
rge of these, we hold him
constituted. It would be
to believe that men are
pable of performing their
s aright. The defect lies
natures, originally, but in
f their *education*. "Train
aid Solomon, "in the way
and when he is old he will
om it." So if children
up in the way they should
y arrive at manhood, they
rge their social duties in the
and manner.—[*True Sun.*

a savage or a pauper by
le fatality of his nature-
nded with every form of
noblest wealth;—wealth,
, for the body, wealth for
alth for the heart. He is
an origin, but his lineage is
and when he asserts and
he dignity of his nature,
trician titles sink into noth-
d sink to oblivion. Men
ated to perform twenty-four
dily labor in twelve months
e the intellectual and moral
, which a single year might
ead over a life. The laws
of God doom no man to
atoe a day; but the produc-
of the earth are as much
the demands of healthful
s the volume of the atmos-
encircles the globe is be-
acity of human lungs. Men
ated to live in wigwams nor
o rise up and to lie down
of comfort and elegance.
ot created for mendacity
l alms-houses, and the gal-
competence, and freedom
ot for thoughtless puerilities
but for dignity and honor
akable and full of glory

The Democratic Pioneer.

TRUTH, JUSTICE, AND THE CONSTITUTION.

BY L. D. STARKE. ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., TUESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 17, 1850. VOL. 1---NO. 7.

TERMS.

THE DEMOCRATIC PIONEER,

L. D. STARKE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

Will be published every Tuesday,

at the following rates.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Single copy, one year,	$2 50
Five copies, " "	11 00
Ten copies, " "	20 00

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

For a square of 16 lines or less, first insertion, $1,—every subsequent one, 50cts. Annual arrangements made on favorable terms.

☞ Office opposite Mason's Hotel, and over the store of Mr. Wm. Shannon, corner of Main and Road streets.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE!

CHEAP FAMILY GROCERIES!

THE subscriber, feeling grateful for past favors, respectfully solicits a continuance of the public patronage. He has now on hand a much larger stock of goods than heretofore, and invites his friends to give him a call before sending all their money elsewhere; he feels content that the quality and price of his goods can't fail to give satisfaction to all who want *GOOD FAMILY GROCERIES*—his stock having been purchased expressly for the retail trade, and embracing every article in the grocery line; such as Brushed and brown Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Chocolate, Flour, Rice, Bacon, Fish, Lard, Crackers, Pilot Bread, (by the barrel,) mess Beef and Pork, (by the bbl.) Salt, Molasses, Lamp Oil, Candles, Tobacco, Soap, Starch, Raisins, Buckwheat, &c.

ALSO,

A general assortment of *CHOICE WINES and LIQUORS; TIN, WOODEN and CROCKERY WARE; CASTINGS; SPICES*, with a great variety of Miscellaneous and Fancy Articles—all of which will be sold at such prices as cannot fail to please those who are willing to "live and let live," at the old stand on the water.

WILLIAM HALSEY.

Elizabeth City, Aug. 6, 1850.

JAMES W. HINTON,

Retail Dealer in

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,

HAS just received from the cities of Baltimore and New York, the most extensive and select stock of Dry Goods that he has ever shown to the public. His stock consists in part as follows:

SILK AND DRESS GOODS.

Rich dress Silks of various colors and textures; India Foulard Silks, plain, striped and changeable. Black Silks of different qualities;

Printed and Plain Barèges, Tissues, silk Batiste, Chamelion Alborenes, Barege de Laines (new style,) Dotted and figured Swisses, Printed Lawns and Jaconets, French Ginghams, colored Tarletons, Fancy Prints, French, English and American.

MOURNING GOODS.

Black Bombazines, Black Alpacas, Mouslins Black Tissues, Grenadines and Barèges, Lawns Ginghams and Prints, Mourning collars and cuffs

SHAWLS.

Canton Crape Shawls, Embroidered and Plain, Barege do., new style colored Silk Mantillas and Visites.

EDGINGS, INSERTINGS, LACES, LINEN CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS, &c.

Thread Laces of different widths, Cambric and Swiss Edgings and Inserting, color'd Silk Trimming Laces, Black do., of superior quality, Trimming Braid, Lace undersleeves, Jenny Lind Gimps, Trimming Ribbons, Coronation Cord, Grenadine Scarfs, Ribbon Ties, Opera do., Silk Neck Ribbon, Silk Buttons, Emb'd. Jenny Lind Collars and Cuffs, Emb'd. Chemoisettes, Emb'd. Collars, Gazelle do., Lapeti do., Standing do., Ladies' Lawn Hdkfs., L. C. do., super Lace Caps.

HOSIERY, GLOVES, CRAVATS, &c.

Silk, Thread, and Cotton Hosiery for Ladies and Misses, Kid, Silk, Thread, and Lisle Gloves of all sizes, long and short fillet, Mitts and Gloves, Gents Silk Cravats, Pocket Hdkfs. &c.

GENTLEMEN'S ORDINARY.

Biolley's Black French Cloth from $4 to $9 per yd., German and American do., Simonis'd ¾ and 6-4 Black Doe Skin, French, English and American Fancy Cassimeres, Cashmerettes, Drab De Etes, Whit Duck Drilling, Fancy Summer Pantaloons, Black India Vesting, Fancy Silk do., Damask do., Grenadine do., Fancy Welting do., White Cashmere do., White Marseilles, Tailors' Trimmings, &c. &c.

DRY GOODS IN GENERAL.

3-4, 7-8, 4-4, 5-4, 10-4, and 12-4 Brown and bleached shirtings and sheetings, brown and bleached Drillings, Blue do., Linen Sheetings, Mariner's shirting, Nankeens, striped Chambreys, Apron Check, Tickings, Russia and Scotch Diapers, Brown Linen Coatings, Cotton Fringes, Jaconet, Swiss and Book Muslins, colored Cambric, Irish Linens, Pins, Needles, Hooks and Eyes, Silk and Cotton Handkerchiefs, Coat's 200 yd Spool Cotton, Buttons, Pearl and Agate do., Cotton and Silk Umbrellas and Parasols, Paper Cambric, Oil Silk, Suspenders of all qualities, &c.

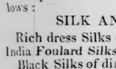
Persons about buying their Summer Goods, are particularly invited to examine the subscriber's stock before making their purchases. His store is on Road street, opposite Barney Tisdale Esq., next door to Mr. D. Richardson.

J. W. HINTON,

E. City, August 6th, 1850.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

WILLIAM G. COOK



Has just received Gold Levers, of M. J. Tobias & Co., Cooper, Johnson, Robinson, Samuel, Harrison and other makers; GOLD ANCHOR LEVERS; Gold and Enamelled Dials; Gold Duplex, Lepine and Vertical Watches; Silver Levers and Lepines; Silver and Gilt Watches; New England Clocks and Time Pieces; Ladies' Gold Chains; Gold Guard, Vest and Fob Chains; Seals and Keys; Lockets; Bracelet Clasps; Gold Ear Rings and Pins in sets; Topaz and other Stone Bracelets, and all Gold do. do.; Emerald, Sapphire, Garnet Pearl, Mosaic, Cameo, Enamelled and Gold Breast Pins, do.; do. do. Finger Rings; Gold Pencil Cases; Gold Thimbles and Shields; Gold Studs; Sleeve Buttons, &c. Also silver tea and table Spoons, and Spoons made to order, together with a general assortment of FASHIONABLE JEWELRY; low price do.

SPECTACLES.

Gold, Silver, Steel, and German Silver Spectacles with Perifocal Glasses, a new and superior article. Also a large assortment of Perifocal Glasses, to suit all eyes, kept constantly on hand, also every description of Spectacle Glasses.

Elizabeth City, August 6, 1850.

VIRGINIA AND NORTH CAROLINA AGRICULTURAL DEPOT.

I have recently enlarged my premises, and now have on hand, and shall continue to keep, the largest and best assortment of AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS to be found in the State; embracing over 2000 Cast Iron Plows of the most improved kinds, ☞ at reduced prices, with extra castings to suit.

Bamborous' Premium, Grant's, Clinton's, and other make Fanning Mills, Parker's and other improved kinds Corn Shellers, Horey and Parker's Straw Cutters, Hominy Mills, Grain Cradles, Rakes, Spades and Shovels, a large assortment of Improved expanding Cultivators, with 3 and 5 hoes, Parker's and other Threshing Machines, with separators, Horse Powers, &c. &c.

All of which will be sold as low or lower than any other house in the State.

S. MARCH.

Norfolk August, 6th, 1850.

BOND'S HOTEL

AND STAGE OFFICE,

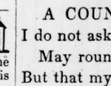
EDENTON, N. C.

The undersigned takes this method of informing the public that this well-known House has lately undergone a *thorough repair*, having had eleven new and comfortable Rooms added to it, which, in addition to the former number, makes it decidedly the MOST SPACIOUS AND COMFORTABLE HOUSE in this section of the State; and he feels satisfied in saying that it is a better House than the place ever had—having now *thirty-seven* Bed Rooms, (mostly new,) and also connected with the establishment a good and comfortable READING ROOM.

This Hotel fronts the South with a double Piazza of one hundred and thirty-five feet; and comfort and good accommodations being the great aim of all *gentlemen* who travel and stop at Hotels, is one reason why the subscriber is induced to put this in public print—and one other, that they may not be misled by some whom we would not desire to accommodate. It is needless to say more, as our House will speak for itself to all who favor us with their patronage. Before concluding, howeverr we would tender our thanks to our friends for the liberal support they have extended to us for nearly seven years. SAM'L T. BOND,

Aug 27—3m Proprietor.

NAG'S HEAD.



THE Subscriber respectfully announces to the public, and especially to the Citizens of this section of North Carolina, that he has become the Proprietor of the Hotel, at this

Delightful and Fashionable Watering-PLACE.

And in making this announcement, he begs to assure them that the Establishment has undergone not only a change of managers, but also an entire alteration in the mode in which it was conducted. The addition of a Piaza to the Sea-side of the building, materially enhances its comfort, and the change and alterations in the internal arrangement of the House, the Furniture of the Chambers, will not fail to meet with the approbation of his Visitors.

The great advantages which this place presents—the invigorating Sea-air, and the no less invigorating Sea bath—the intelligent, refined, and accomplished society always to be found here—the great convenience to the inhabitants of this portion of the State, and the Proprietor hopes he may add, the constant and unremitting attention which he shall at all times pay to his Guests, and the efforts he will make to increase their amusements, and pleasure—all these, he hopes, will ensure to his Establishment the patronage of the public.

The domestic and culinary Department will be under the supervision of THOMAS I. MILLER, Esq., whose well earned reputation in this matter will be fully sustained by the Table which will be spread at the Hotel this season.

The Bar will be supplied with a variety of Wines, and choice Liquors—a great abundance of Ice, and all other things usually appertaining to that department of the Hotel. In this regard the Proprietor would say that he intends to keep none but the best articles—London Dock Brandy, Pale Brandy, Holland and Schiedam Gin, Champagne, Madeira, Sherry, Port and Claret Wines, and such like.

The House is now open for the reception of Visitors. The rates of board will be

Per month,	$20 00
Room furnished by the boarders,	18 00
By the Week	7 00
By the Day,	1 50

Children under twelve years, and servants half price. A. J. BATEMAN.

Nag's Head, Aug. 6, 1850.

MERCHANT'S HOTEL,

GATESVILLE, N. C.

The undersigned having recently repaired this Establishment, by the addition of 10 new and elegant SLEEPING ROOMS, and a DINING SALOON, 35 feet in length by 18 in width, and also having added large accommodations to his Stables, by the building of 75 good and comfortable STALLS, SHEDS, &c., as also having secured that rare article, one of the best Hostlers, is now prepared to offer such inducements to the transient comer, as well as daily boarders that cannot or shall not be surpassed by any establishment of the kind. His Table will at all times be furnished with the best that the Market affords, and his Bar with as good liquors as can be bought in Norfolk or Baltimore.

☞ Grateful for the liberal patronage heretofore extended him, he hopes a continuance, promising every effort in his power to merit the same.

☞ The Fishermen can at all times during the February and May Courts, be furnished with private and comfortable Rooms to settle with their Hands, a matter heretofore attended with so much inconvenience. Board per day $1,25.

REFERS TO

C. MANLY, Governor of N. C.
Gen'l J. C. B. EHRINGHAUS, E. City, N. C.
R. R. HEATH, Esq, Edenton.
THOMAS S. GARY, Baltimore.

Aug 6 THOMAS G. VAUGHAN.

J. E. DEFORD,

APOTHECARY AND DRUGGIST,

AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS WARE, DYE STUFFS, BRUSHES, PERFUMERY, FANCY ARTICLES, &C.

THE Subscriber has recently received from New York and Philadelphia, a large and valuable addition to his stock of the above named articles, which he is prepared to furnish Physicians and Merchants, and the public generally at a reasonable profit. He would invite all those who need or may need any article in his line to call and examine his stock for themselves, as he is confident they will be pleased with every article he offers for sale. His stock of goods is more complete, and he is induced to say, that he has the LARGEST and MOST VALUABLE STOCK in his line, that ever was in this city. In fact, the stock is in every respect complete, and every article which he offers for sale has been selected by himself with special regard to its purity and freshness. J. E. DEFORD.

Aug 6

DRUGS, MEDICINES, &c.

The Subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and public generally, that having purchased the stock of Dr. Lewis Warrock, and taken the stand occupied by him, he is now prepared to fill all orders in his line which may be entrusted to him, with neatness, punctuality and despatch. Having spent many years of his life in a Drug Store, he flatters himself that he can give entire satisfaction to all who may call upon him. His stock will be found now to comprise most of the articles usually met with in a well regulated Drug Establishment, consisting of Paints, Oils, Drugs, Perfumery, &c. &c.

A share of the patronage of the community is respectfully solicited.

L. K. SAUNDERS.

E. City. Aug. 6, 1850.

MANUFACTURED TOBACCO.—800 packages of 8's and pounds manufactured Tobacco; Seth Halsey's extra fine chewing do; Jones & Son's, P. Robinson's, Osborne's, Telegraph, Congress, Petrass & Mann's 8's; Walker's, Weir, Curtis Lane, McLeads, Paul Pry, Sowers, Labby, Goodwyn, Campbell's and Blumer's lbs., for sale by JOSIAH WILLS,

Aug. 6 Norfolk, Va.

SUNDRIES.

40 M. lbs. Southampton hog round Bacon; 200 bbls. of Petersburg superfine Flour; 75 boxes and bbls. loaf, crushed and pulverized Sugar; P. R. and Matanzas Molasses; Nails, Ship Stores, &c., for sale by J. WILLS,

Aug. 6 Norfolk, Va.

TRUE LOVELINESS;

She who thinks a noble heart
Better than a noble mien,
Honors virtue more than art,
Though 'tis less in fashion seen,
Whatso'er her fortune be,
She's the bride, the wife for me.

She who deems that inward grace
Far surpasses outward show,
She who values less the face
Than that charm the soul can throw,
Whatso'er her fortune be,
She's the bride, the wife for me.

She who knows the heart requires
Something more than lips of dew,
That when love's brief rose expires
Love itself dies with it too,
Whatso'er her fortune be,
She's the bride, the wife for me.

A COUNTRY HOME FOR ME.

I do not ask that city spires
May round my mansion rise,
But that my home may be where trees
Are pointing to the skies;
Where flows the silvery mountain rill
With a sweet and merry sound,
And echoes of the hunter's gun
Shall through the woods resound.

I cannot love the city's pomp,
Its fashion and its pride,
I had rather dwell in an humble cot
Upon the mountain side;
Where sweetly blooms the Acacia tree,
The tulip and the rose,
And where, beside the rivulets,
The early violet grows.

I would not give my quiet home,
Its happiness and health,
For all the city palaces,
Its pleasure and its wealth;
I love to breathe the mountain air,
And roam where all is free,
Let others choose a city life—
But a country home for me!

ROUSING A HOOSIER.

A SCENE AT A STEAMBOAT DINNER.

It happened my lot not many weeks since, to be a passenger on board the fast running steamboat M.——, bound from Cincinnati to St. Louis. Among the number of persons in the cabin, was H——, a would be wag, and a live Hoosier, fresh from the swamps and bog of Indiana. It so happened that in his humor for fun, H——resolved to quiz this, as he supposed, green individual, and only waited for a good opportunity of so doing. None occurred until dinner time, when the wag took particular pains to place himself exactly opposite the Hoosier at the table, and soon after the company had commenced eating, he hailed him as follows:—

'I say, my friend, you're from Hoosierdom, I suppose?"

'I'm from Indiana," was the civil reply.

'Do they raise cabbage where you come from?'

'No, but I reckon they du whar you cum from.'

'What do you judge by?'

'By the looks of that ur cabbage head between your shoulders.'

Several sitting near H—— now began to titter at his expense, but nothing daunted he returned to the charge.—'Does your mother know you're out?' he asked.

'Yes, I reckon so; she told me to go talk to the goslins.'

'Indeed,' said H——, biting his lips, 'then you must be a goose to understand the language so well.'

'When among Romans I du as Romans du,' was the instant retort. 'I talk the language of those I am talking to.'

'Which way are you traveling?' cried H——, as another giggle ran round the table.

'Down the Ohio river, I reckon,' and the Hoosier half filled his plate with poached eggs.

'What business do you follow?' but instead of answering the question, the face of the Hoosier suddenly became red as blood, and he dashed the contents of his plate full in the face and bosom of the wag.

There was a sudden start among those at the table, which was turned into instant confusion, by the further actions of the Indianian. Raising aloft the heavy plate in his right hand, he brought it down with stunning force upon the head of the individual at his right side, knocking him backwards upon the floor, where he lay sprawling, unable for the moment to rise. But the maddened Hoosier was not yet pacified. No sooner had the plate done its duty upon its victim, than bending the left arm he brought back the elbow with terrible force into the mouth of the man at his left side, knocking out a couple of teeth, and also prostrating him at full length, with his head against the door of a berth. This done, the Hoosier jumped up, and placing his back against the side of the cabin, seized hold of the chair he had been sitting in, and stared round him with eyes flashing like those of a mapman.

In the meanwhile the now thoroughly excited passengers had risen from the table, the female portion fleeing into the after cabin, and the men gathering round the assaulter.

'He's mad!' shouted one.

'Throw him overboard!' yelled another.

'Knock him down!' cried a third.

'Bind him hand and foot! brawled a fourth.

'Take care he don't kill some one!' echoed a fifth.

But the voice of the sixth speaker was drowned by the louder lungs of the Hoosier, who suddenly exclaimed in a voice of thunder—

'Whar's the captain?'

'Here I am,' answered the person called for, as he came up to the spot.

'Wall, I want that man and this man searched;' and he pointed to the two he had knocked down.

"What for?' asked the captain.

'What for? Why for stealing. That blackguard on my right stole my puss, containin' five hundred dollars, all in eagles, which I've been a year layin' up to go to Kaliforny; and that thief on my left stole my new silk pocket handkerchief, gin me by Polly just afore I left home.'

By this time the fellow who had fallen under the plate had managed to get up.

'You're a liar, sir!' he shouted, in a passion, at the same time thrusting his hand in his bosom.

'You're a thief, you son of a gun!' retorted the Hoosier in a rage. 'Sarch him, captain, and if you don't find the puss on him why chop me into sassages and eat me for supper, that's all.'

'We must search you, sir,' said the captain to the man accused.

'I won't be searched,' answered the fellow haughtily. 'I'm a gentleman.'

'That remains to be seen,' said the skipper, calmly. 'Searched you shall be.'

The man was accordingly examined, and though every pocket was looked into, no money answering the description of the Hoosier was found, and they were about giving it up.

'Look in his boots,' exclaimed the loser of the purse. He's some kin to John Andre, and will be hung yet afore he dies.'

The left boot was pulled off, and sure enough there was the money, exactly answering the description, confirming the guilt of the *gentleman!*

Upon the other fellow the handkerchief was also found, having the Hoosier's name legibly written upon it, and the two rascals were, with permission of the Indianian, landed upon the shore at once. The Hoosier was for also putting H—— ashore, declaring that he had engaged him in conversation on purpose to call his attention, so that the Iscoundres could rob him. But as the wag was well known to many on board, he was let off, the Hoosier swearing it was some satisfaction to know that he had spoiled his best ruffled shirt with the contents of his plate. H—— has never since attempted to poke fun at an Indianian, and doubtless the two thieves are also careful how they succeed in *Rousing a Hoosier.*

A FASHIONABLE WIFE.

'You know, my dear, I am a spoiled child; I must have my way this time,' said Mrs. Finlay, a beautiful bride to her adoring husband.

It was a matter of consequence to Finlay that she should not have her own way this time. It was the first time her will—that odious, positive word—had made its appearance, and now was the very time to crush, to subdue it, before it had Herculean strength.

Finlay was a young lawyer of fine talents, just getting an extensive practice; it was necessary that he should remain in the city, but a stronger necessity was upon him, his *cara sposa* would go to the country, to be present at the wedding of a friend.

"But dearest you know I have several important cases upon the docket, which are just about to be tried;—my client will be dissatisfied," said Finlay, in that mild tone of entreaty, which should find its instant way to a woman's heart.

"*N'importe*; let them go, you will have something besides clients to live upon, you know, some of these days."

There was much pride, little sense, and a great want of feeling in this speech. Mrs. Finlay's expectations depended upon a kind indulgent father, during whose life-time they could not be realized.—Finlay let it jar upon his heart-strings and vibrate to the very core, but he excused it, or set it aside. "She is a beautiful thoughtless creature, she cannot be unfeeling."

To the country they went. "Well," thought Finlay, "I shall have exquisite pleasure in pointing out to my Caroline some favorite scenes, some striking views, which may have escaped her notice. We must sometimes make sacrifices to those who love us; leaving town, after all, was a matter of little consequence."

The boat glided almost with the rapidity of light over the smooth, deep Hudson.

" Come upon deck Caroline, we are nearing the Highlands, never did they look so splendidly."

It was the momentary glow of radiant coloring which a happy heart gives to nature, that at this moment rested so gloriously upon the picturesque Highlands.

'Come, Mrs. Finlay,' said Finlay carefully wrapping the shawl about the faultless form of his beautiful wife.

'Why George, one would think I had never been up the river before in my life,' said Caroline, then in the midst of an animated discussion with a fashionable friend, upon the spirit of their respective milliners. 'I have seen the Highlands a thousand times; all that romantic stuff is out of fashion; quite *ou're*; nobody talks of the beauties of nature but boarding school misses.'

The repulsed Finlay left her, and took his seat upon the deck with a sigh.

'Out of fashion;' thought he, and his noble forehead was wrinkled with frowns, his proud lip curled, and a momentary flash illuminated his dark eyes with unwonted fire. 'Out of fashion! These towering, frowning palisades, this dark river, yonder rising moon!' He fell into a reverie, long and deep for now he could not enjoy these things alone. At the end of it, all the world's consoler, Hope whispered kindly, "she certainly has sensibility, her mind is plastic, I can mould it into any form, and make it a complete reflection of my own.

Conjugal affection is a tender plant.—The first rude shake sometimes scatters its fair leaves to the four winds of heaven. If but one leaf be torn away, all others are loosened. In poor Finlay's case, they followed one by one in rapid succession.

A few weeks in the country entirely dispelled the illusion which love had thrown around his idol—the celestial halo, which he saw was only a hallucination of his own imagination, had departed forever. He had a beautiful, weak woman, with whom his cultivated, refind mind could hold no communion.

Finlay returned to town an altered man. His high ambition had been sanctified in his own estimation, because it was not entirely a selfish feeling. In all his visions of success his honors were to be laid at the feet of his Caroline.

He entered again upon his laborious employment. He was for a time entirely devoted to business, and lost all care and reflection in the close attention which he gave to his professional duties. But soon he needed relaxation; some place to which he could resort, to spend a few hours in pleasure. Home did not affard it. The spoiled, heartless Caroline was engaged in an endless round of fashionable amusements. When at home, she was weary, vapid, peevish. She needed the excitement and admiration of a crowd to give her animation. It was not worth while to exert herself to please one, and he only her husband.

Thus driven from that home, which should have been the haven of rest and peace, Finlay fled to the society of the gay, dissipated young men. Soon his office and law books were forsaken. His clients' frequent knocks were unanswered, they became less and less frequent, and at length ceased entirely. They had lost their advocate, their councillor. He had rendered himself unworthy their confidence. The highly gifted, ambitious Finlay had become a drunkard!

After a few years, Caroline returned to her father's house, because her husband was no longer able to support her; she returned, a faded, disappointed, wretched woman. The viper sting of conscience told her that she had brought all her misery upon herself.

Why will not woman learn her own happiness? Can one whose every thought before marriage is selfishness, can she ever sacrifice her own interest to the will of another? Yet submission on her part, will alone insure domestic comfort. Pride lifts itself in opposition to the doctrine, crying out, 'equal rights.' But down with the rebellious spirit; her suggestion amounts to this—

'Better reign in hell than serve in heaven.'

Woman, too, must be man's intellectual companion. Without this, domestic life becomes so dull, so insipid, that to a man of refined taste and cultivated understanding it is intolerable.

The weak idolatry of a fool is valueless and disgusting to a man of sense, but the affection of a high-minded, virtuous woman, is a discriminating, intelligent, deep affection, which is an honor to gain, and a pleasure to cherish.

TOO GOOD TO BE LOST.

Two suckers came in contact at one of our restaurants some time since, and were regaling on a long "nine," when the mud and bad roads became the subject of conversation—One observed that several coal teams were stuck in the mud axletree deep, and that he saw twenty yoke of oxen straining every nerve, but without effect. The other, no doubt thinking that a pretty tough yarn, replied—"That when he was coming to the city he saw a man sitting on a fence, cracking his whip and yelling and bellowing at a furious rate, he approached him and inquired what was wrong?"

" Oh! nothing much," replied the teamster, "only (pointing to the road) I have a wagon and four yoke of oxen in that mud, and the plaguy brutes won't pull a bit!"

At this moment an old Hoosier entered, who heard only the winding up part of the story, drew up a chair and commenced a yarn about what he had seen.

Says he, "Friend were you ever on the American bottoms? I crossed there once, and on wading through the mud, which as a matter of course, was not the best walking, I kicked out a hat, when a voice which said, "Quit that, old fellow," saluted my ears.

"Looking around and seeing nothing, I concluded to give it another, which I did; when the same voicc was heard to say,

"Stop, you're kicking my hat!"

" I here discovered that a man was sticking in the mud, and observed,

"Old fellow, you had better be getting out of that before night, or you will be sure to freeze to death!" He hallowed out—"I don't care a darn—*I've got a good mule under me!*"

A man is taller in the morning by half an inch than he is at night.—*Lowel Vox Populi.*

Don't believe that, any way. Please explain the reason for the assertion.—*Lawrence Courier.*

With the greatest pleasure. Sleep allows him to forget his indebtedness to the printer:—but he sinks half inch into his boots at breakfast, when he takes up the newspaper and thinks he hasn't paid for the last six month's subscription.—*Vox Populi.*

THE OLD NORTH STATE.

The following is from a North Carolina correspondent of that excellent Southern monthly, De Bow's Review:

'While North Carolina has embarked, to a limited extent, in manufactories, we have been somewhat surprised that she has not gone more fully into it. She possesses as many, or more, natural advantages for it than any other State in the Union. She has water power sufficient, in her borders, to propel any amount of machinery, and that, too, disposed in such a manner, that it could be applied readily and profitably. She has exhaustless beds of coal and iron, which are as easily worked as those of any section of the world. Then, she has quantities of copper, silver, gold, lime and other minerals, which might be worked to advantage and manufactured into those various forms which would adapt them to the wants and necessities of mankind. She raises large quantities of cotton, and can produce as much wool as she might desire; and yet, with the exception of a few cotton factories, she has paid no attention to this important branch of industry. Her surplus labor, now without employment would be amply sufficient to raise up a manufacturing interest in our borders, which would go far to redeem our State from its dependence upon other States for manufactured articles, and would give life and activity to all branches of industry.

'We know the backward state of this branch of industry, in our borders, has owing, in a great measure, to the want of proper facilities for throwing manufactured as well as agricultural products into the market of the world.—But, even if we had none, the erection of various kinds of manufactories could not fail to be of vast benefit to all other interests. While it would employ much of the labor which is now idle, it would create a demand for all agricultural products, thus benefiting the farmer and furnishing to our people the means to embark more largely and extensively into all enterprises of this kind.

'Much of the capital of our State has been sent off to other States, because its owners could not find any thing in which they could profitably invest it. Much remains idle and useless in our midst. But we trust that a new spirit of enterpise will be infused into the minds of our people; that, as they are determind to overcome the difficulties which lies in their way to a free and rapid communication with the markets of the world, they will employ those means they have to make North Carolina one of the first States in the Union in wealth and in enterprise. 'We have a good soil, a pleasant and varied climate —and why may not our citizens expend their means and put forth their energies to improve the advantages we have, and to develop the latent resources with which we have been so richly blessed?"

JONATHAN'S HUNTING STORY.

'Did you ever hear of the scrape that I and uncle Zekiel had duckin' on't the Connecticut?' asked Jonathan Timbertoes, while amusing his old Dutch hostess, who had agreed to entertain him under the roof of her log cottage for, and in consideration of, a bran new tin milk-pan.

'No, I never did—do tell it,' was the reply.

'Well, you must know that I and uncle Zeke took it in our heads, one Saturday afternoon, to go a gunning arter ducks, in father's skiff; so we got in and sculled down the river. A propper sight of ducks flew backwards and forwards, I tell ye—and biemby, a few on 'em lit down by the marsh, and went to feeding on muscles. I catched up my peauder horn to prime, and it slipped right out of my hand and sunk to the bottom of the river. The water was 'mazinly clear, and I could see it on the bottom. Now, I couldn't swim a jot, so I sez to uncle Zeke: You're a purty clever feller—jest let me take your peauder horn to prime,—and don't you think the old stingy critter wouldn't. 'Well,' sez I, 'you're a purty good diver, and if you'll dive and get mine, I'll give you a primin.' I thought he'd leave his peauder horn, but he didn't; but he stuck it in his pocket and down he went—and there he staid:—

Here the old lady opened her eyes with wonder aud surprise, and a pause of some minutes ensued, when Jonathan said:—

'I looked down, and what do you think the critter was a doin?'

'Lord,' exclaimed the old lady, 'I'm sure I don't know.'

'There he was,' said our hero, 'settin' on the bottom of the river, pourin' the peauder right out of my horn into hizen!'

WANTED TO KNOW.

If steamships are used in navigating the 'sea of troubles.'

If it is owing to the rate of interment being cheap that so many are 'buried in oblivion.'

If ships in 'stays' are addicted to 'tight lacing.'

Whether the sun shone during the 'dark ages,'

Whether the 'tale' which the Ghost of Hamlet's father could unfold, was 'founded on fact.'

The elevation of 'the pinnacle of fame,' above the ocean.

If the hydropathic treatment would be likely to cure the 'eruptions of Mount Ætna.

Some one once felicitated Girard on the enjoyment and happiness his great wealth afforded. "Would you," replied Girard, "undertake the managment of my affairs for your victuals and clothes?" The man said no, and Girard added that that was all he received for that great labor.

HUMOROUS.

VERY BAD INDEED.—An exchange paper says, 'the girls in some part of Pennsylvania are so hard up for husbands, that they sometimes take up with printers and lawyers.'

(The person who penned the above item is a regular *sap head.*)

When you are asked to hold the baby, trot it hard, pinch it, and make faces at it when the mother is not looking. You will soon be relieved of the precious charge.

"Isn't it strange," asked a friend the orher day, "that Sir Isaac Newton should ever have indulged in clownish freaks?" "When did he?" we enquired. "Why when he was dividing the rays of light, to be sure—for wasn't that cutting up shines?"

A marriage of a pair of infants took place in Connecticut last Sunday. They were from Norwich, aged respectively 16 and 15.

A newly married couple, riding in a carriage, were overturned, whereupon a stander by said it was a "shocking sight." "Yes," said the gentleman, "to see those just wedded, fall out so soon."

Ladies' sleeves are now made so tight as to prevent the dear creatures from laughing in them.

The Albany Knickerbocker, tells of a young man who recently died in that city, of disappointed ambition—as "he wanted to wear high shirt collars, and his mother wouldn't let him."

"The prospects of Heaven itself," says Cooper, in one of his novels, "would have no charm for the American of the backwoods, if he thought there was any blace further West."

One of the city papers relates that a youngster, in one of the public schools, was reading the verse in the New Testament, which reads thus:

"And he saw Abraham afar off with Lazarus in his bosom."

The boy gravely spelled it thus: "And he saw a broom afar off with-leather-ears in Boston."

"Sam," said one little urchin to another, yesterday—"Sam, does your schoolmaster ever give you rewards of merit?" " I s'pose he does, was the rejoinder: he gives me a lickin' regularly every day, and says I merit two!"

VERY POOR.—A trifling sort of a fellow in one of our neighboring counties, not long since, won the affections of the daughter of a bluff, honest Dutchman of some wealth. On asking the old man for her, he opened with a romantic speech about his being a 'poor young man,' &c. 'Ya, ya,' said the old man, 'I knows all apout it: but you ish a little too tam poor—you has neider money nor character.'

There was a time in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when rum and brandy were sold by the ounce, by apothecaries, as a medicine, and a tea spoonful was considered a dose by all the regular physicians. Not so now.

A Clergyman, happening to get wet, was standing before the session room fire to dry his clothes, and when his colleague came in, he asked him to preach for him, as he was very wet. 'No, sir, I thank you,' was the prompt reply; 'preach yourself, you will be dry enough in the pulpit.'

A paper up the 'ragin canawl' says that the boy that was killed at Troy, on the 14th by the explosion of the bass drum, is getting better. The Coroner 'sot on him' till he was glad to come too.

An acute arithmetician calculated that if all the tobacco consumed in Great Britain in 1848, had been worked into *pigtail* half an inch thick, it would have formed a line ninety-nine thousand four hundred and seventy miles long—enough to girdle the world nearly four times! If you *chews*, put that in your pipe and smoke it.

Punch says a well-known alderman was taken to see the hippopotamus. He looked at it intently for a quarter of an hour, and then burst out of his reverie with the following remark:—'I wonder what sort of soup it would make?'

An Irishman who was lately reprieved as he stated, the night before his execution, and who wished to get rid of his wife, wrote to her as follows:—'I was yesterday hanged, and died like a hero; do as I did, and bear it like a man.'

Among all the thieves, he is the most execrable who endeavors to rob another of his character that he may enchance his own.

He who pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man to get along.

One of the severest struggles in life is that between a proud spirit and an empty purse.

An old author observes that among all the systems of idolatry with which the world abounds, there is no sect which worships the *setting sun.*

Why is a vain young lady like a confirmed drunkard? Because neither of them are satisfied with a moderate use of the glass.

To expect to be great without having enemies, is to expect trees to shed their fruit without being "pelted."

'I am afraid I shall come to want" said an old lady to a young gentleman: 'I have come to want already,' was the reply. 'I want your daughter!' The old lady opened her eyes.

DEMOCRATIC PIONEER.

☞ Mr. D. J. Hill, Argus Office, Norfolk, Va., is authorized to receive subscriptions, &c., for the Pioneer and receipt for the same. He will also forward any favors from our Norfolk friends intended for publication in this paper.

☞ Volney B. Palmer is authorized to receive advertisements for the Democratic Pioneer in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and receipt for the payment of the same.

☞ William Thompson, S. E. corner of Baltimore and South sts., is authorized to receive advertisements for the Democratic Pioneer in the city of Baltimore, and receipt for the payment of the same.

TUESDAY MORNING, SEPT. 17, 1850.

☞ We tender our acknowledgments to Senator Dickinson, of N. Y., Hon. Jno. S. Millson, of Va., and Hon. A. W. Venable, of this State, for interesting Congressional documents.

☞ The Hon. A. H. H. Stuart, of Virginia, has been appointed Secretary of the Interior, in place of Mr. McKennon, who resigned the post. This completes the Cabinet of Mr. Fillmore.

Maine Elections.—The elections in this State have resulted in favor of the Democratic party—and a Governor and a large majority of Congressmen secured.

Bishop Ives.—This learned divine arrived from Nag's Head on Saturday evening, apparently in fine health and spirits. On Sunday morning he preached in the Episcopal church, and in the afternoon performed the service of confirmation. He left yesterday in the stage for the North.

CONGRESS.

PASSAGE OF IMPORTANT BILLS.

Since our last issue, we have received intelligence of the passage of the Texas boundary bill—the New Mexico Territorial Government bill—the bill admitting California as a State—the bill establishing a Government for Utah—and the fugitive slave bill. After rejecting and reconsidering votes, after "backing and filling" in the most singular and unaccountable manner, these measures were severally passed by the House of Representatives, and now only require the Executive signature to become laws.

The Texas boundary bill gives the territory which that State claims as her own to New Mexico, and votes an appropriation of $10,000,000 as an indemnity to Texas—the latter having the right to accept or reject the proposal.—It is thought, however, that she will take the money and give up a portion of her territory to Free Soilism. Thus will the South be compelled to bend the knee to Northern aggression.

The bill admitting California as a State is, also, a gross outrage upon the South, for she is received into the Union with a Constitution fraudulently gotten up—protested against by a large portion of her own people, and which deprives the Southern man of the right to migrate thither with his property—in other words, appropriating territory acquired by the common blood and treasure of the whole Union to the Northern portion of that Union, from which the South are excluded. California never passed through a territorial state, as is usual—but fraudulently adopted a Constitution which contained, virtually, the Wilmot Proviso—and Congress, in receiving her with that Constitution, practically adopted the Wilmot Proviso. Thus have the Southern people been cut off from an equal participation in the enjoyment of our vast territorial acquisitions on the Pacific, and been decreed to occupy a position of inferiority in the Union.—What effect these things will produce at the South we are unable to divine; but, whether approved or disapproved, of one thing we are satisfied, that the *North* will be emboldened to further aggressions, and exhibit as little tolerance as heretofore. Those Southern men who expect to purchase peace by submission, may prepare their necks for additional yokes; whereas, if a different policy had been pursued, our equality might have been maintained—a stop put to Northern oppression, and the Union preserved in its original purity.

After the passage of these bills, a resolution was adopted, that Congress adjourn on the 30th inst.

Nag's Head.—We learn that the company still continues large at this delightful resort, notwithstanding the weather is becoming cool. Every day, there are accessions to the number. We return our thanks to the worthy proprietor, Mr. Bateman, for his very polite invitation, which, owing to a pressure of business engagements, we are reluctantly compelled to decline. We understand he intends repairing, enlarging and otherwise improving his establishment, ready for the next season; and if we may judge from the rush of visiters this summer, and the attentive and obliging disposition of the proprietor, Nag's Head bids fair to rival her northern competitors, and attract as brilliant a company as many of the most favored watering places.

☞ Gen. Rusk has been re-elected by the Legislature of Texas, Senator of the United States for six years from the 4th of March next. It is reported by telegraph that his vote was about 70 to 10.

Jenny Lind.—Nothing can exceed the idolatrous adulation manifested by the Northern people towards this late importation from Europe. They seem to be utterly demented and beside themselves. The California mania itself, addressing both their cupidity and ambition, was not so violent as is the Jenny Lind fever. She is received with queenly honors—every word that drops from her *angelic* lips is noted down and heralded to the world with as much interest and precision as an imperial ukase—she is followed wherever she goes by admiring thousands—serenaded, cheered, and "*lionized*" in every possible way which Yankee ingenuity can devise.—And when tickets of admission to her first concert are put up at auction (for the ordinary mode of disposing of them would not be at all consistent with the grand programme which has been laid down on this magnificent occasion,) the first is bid off to a hatter at the enormous sum of $225! This price, however, did not hold out to the end, (although exorbitant bids continued to be made,) and, crazy as the New Yorkers are on the subject, they did not entirely forget their instinctive love of money, and many of the tickets sold at from $3 to 5.

Now we can conceive of nothing so supremely farcical as the extravagant homage paid by the press and people of that city to this woman. That we should have a strong curiosity to hear the performances of one so justly celebrated in her profession, is natural enough; but that America should be converted into a perfect Bedlam of insane howlings of adulation, is unworthy of an intelligent community, and incompatible with the spirit of our institutions. We admire Jenny very much, and are willing loudly to applaude her benevolent and charitable deeds, as well as her reputed modesty and affability; we can also appreciate her splendid musical accomplishments, which have given her a world-wide celebrity. But we cannot bring ourself to approve of her being followed in her walks and in her rides, by grown up and sensible men, just as school-boys would follow a circus or menagerie.

☞ On the passage of the California bill on the 7th inst., only *ten* Southern Democrats voted *for* it, and *seventeen* Whigs; *forty-six* Southern Democrats voted *against* it; and only *ten* Whigs. Of those Democrats who voted against the bill were Messrs. Ashe, Daniel and Venable, of this State; of those Whigs who voted against it, are Messrs. Clingman, Deberry, Outlaw, and Shepperd, of this State. Messrs. Stanly and Caldwell were the only members from this State who voted for the bill. Thus showing, so far as the action of representatives can demonstrate the opinions of their constituents, that seven-ninths of the people of North Carolina were opposed to the admission of California as a State. Does not our neighbor find himself in a woful minority?

The recent action of Congress will, however, kill these incipient traitors to the Union outright, (referring, among others, to the Editor of the Pioneer.) "Then Othello's occupation's gone' indeed." What says our neighbor?

[*Old North State.*

Would we could give the editor of the "Old North State" credit for being only an "*incipient* traitor to the Union!" He is, however, so nearly a *consummate* traitor, that we are unable to place him in that category even. If all traitors had been "killed" in their "incipiency," the editor of that paper would have held his life by a very precarious tenure.

As to the charge of our being a disunionist, traitor, &c., as nobody is "soft enough" to believe it, it is not worth a contradiction. Our devotion to the Union is a matter above questioning, and the "Old North State" may as well "save its breath to cool its broth," for even if our error could be shown, (which is impossible,) that paper could never vindicate its fidelity to the Union.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT FOR NORTH CAROLINA.

By and with the advice and consent of the Senate.

H. W. Husted, U. S. Attorney for the District of N. C.

James E. Gibble, Collector for the District of Beaufort N. C.

John D. Whitford, Collector for the District of Newbern.

George W. Charles, Collector for the District of Camden.

Geo. W. McGlaughon Surveyor for the port of Windsor.

James G. Buor, Postmaster at Wilmington.

Nixon White, Purser in the Navy.

IMPORTANT FROM TEXAS!

A correspondent writing from Washington on the 12th inst., says:

The Secretory of State has just received a telegraphic dispatch from the collector at New Orleans. The Legislature of Texas has refused to raise troops against the United States, and referred the Texas boundary bill to the people, the Legislature having no constitutional right to act on it. This is looked upon as a virtual acceptance of the terms of the boundary bill, and a settlement of the vexed question.

☞ The communication of 'A Citizen' came to us too late for publication. It speaks in very flattering terms of the manner in which liknesses are taken by Mr. Minnis, Daguerrean Artist. As his stay is short in our town, those who are desirous of having their pictures, would do well to give him a call.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM PARIS.

By the last steamer from Europe, we received a highly interesting letter from an accomplished lady-friend, now making the tour of that continent—from which, (though written *currente calumo* for our private eye,) we make copious extracts, even at the hazard of incurring her censure for the liberty we have taken:

Paris, August 13th,
Hotel du Rhin, Place Vendome.

* * * * We arrived in Liverpool as you no doubt anticipated, after a remarkably short passage of ten days and five hours—and one, I may say, not less brief than pleasant. I shall endeavor to give you some account of my peregrinations so far, though really the bustle and confusion have been so great as almost to preclude the possibility of collecting one's ideas.

Of Liverpool I have some very disagreeable recollections of fog, dirt, smoke and heavy bills, which will doubtless be as novel to you as to myself. During a short stay of two days, showers were constant, and imperceivable, to all appearances, by the people, who were praising the *fine* weather! An Englishman's idea of good weather seems to be what *we* consider a very unpleasant mixture of fog and drizzle, soiling your clothes and spoiling your temper. Add to this the extreme filth of a large commercial city, with confined walls and streets, and the enormous charges in English hotels, and you will have some faint conception of a visit to Liverpool. To "heap insult on misery," as Weller, Junior, would say, our bill for two persons was $12 50 per day, without half the accommodations of the "Revere" house in Boston.

Leaving Liverpool, we soon trod the streets of "olden Chester." This city, one of the most ancient of the Roman possessions in Britain, is full of historical associations—links of feeling between the long past and the present. We visited the Cathedral, which dates back about twelve hundred years, and surveyed its ample nave and choir with the most curious regard. It bears all the marks of its antiquity, and no one can look on these vestiges of time without reviving, in memory, the Romans, the Saxons, and Monks who once stepped there, full of life and rich in glory.—Those were times even beyond the first Heptarchy, and here were we, in the nineteenth century, treading in their footsteps after the lapse of numbers of ages. Being detained within its walls by a heavy fall of rain, I had an opportunity of examining a very old piece of tapestry, of scriptural design, which was executed by the Monks of the old Monastery, nearly as early as the institution of the Church. It is very exquisite, and remarkably well preserved; and, being the first I had seen, struck me very forcibly. This is but one of the many curiosities to be seen in this antiquated town, and which attract thither so many visiters from all quarters of the world.

Not far from Chester is the famous country seat of the Marquis of Westminster. We visited this place, and were not disappointed in the magnificent and princely splendor every where visible in "Eaton Hall." The structure, or castle, is in the modern Grecian style, and the adjoining park and garden are on a scale commensurate with the grandeur of the buildings. We saw in the park a herd of *seven hundred* deer, feeding. The sight was novel and lovely.—A clear sky, fine natural scenery, and all that pride and art could furnish, were there to enrapture the beholder, and make him wonder at the taste and fortune of the owner. The Marquis is said to be the greatest *millionaire* in England—and his annual income amounts to seven millions of our money.

I must now take you back to Chester, where we had a wild and sweet prospect of hills at even, and a more agreeable repose and dream at night.

The next morning we started for London—the world in miniature. Our ride was so rapid that very little could be seen of the country. The glimpses, however, that I caught of the green fields and pretty hawthorn hedges, which we associate with all our ideas of 'merry England,' were sweetly picturesque.—We were seated in those agreeable fauteils, or arm seats, which you find the first class of English cars, and for which you are charged such exorbitant prices. This was but a continuance of a systematic process of imposition, which began with us at the "Waterloo" in Liverpool, and followed us in every dealing in that *dear* land, England. Arrived in London, the greatest metropolis of the world, I felt an oppressive sense of the vast mass of human beings who were around me. I was in a city where two millions of people dwelt, of the most powerful of the nations of the earth—a city where had transpired more of history, and more had been done for the weal and woe of mankind, than perhaps in any other spot on the habitable globe. It rained, *of course*, for the first two days of my sojourn in London, so that I was allowed time to recover from my fatigue preparatory to a tour round the city.—On the third day we sallied out and directed our steps to the Tower of London. In going there, we passed through the great thoroughfares, the Strand-Cheapside, and came to the Bank of England. This is a vast structure of immense extent, covering an area of *eight acres!*—Yet not a single window is visible from the exterior, which, as you may judge, gives it the appearance of some walled fortress. One can scarcely credit the amount of business done here; but can imagine from the number of clerks employed, which is *above eight hundred!* It surpasses every institution of the kind in the world. It is open for strangers, and we received polite attention. Descending to the money vaults, we stood among millions yet untold. One of the officers placed in my hand a single package of *five millions* of dollars! Every note, when presented for payment, is cancelled and laid away in the vaults, and at the end of ten years, burned.—By this means the same note is never put in circulation again, but is retained for reference in cases of forgery and a second presentation; thus preventing, in a great measure, all frauds of this kind. [I send you this little piece of information at ——'s request, who thinks it will be pleasing to you to know the difference in this respect between the English system and our own.] Proceeding from the Bank, we next saw, on Fish street hill, the London monument, erected by Sir Christopher Wren, the famous architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, in commemoration of the terrible conflagration of 1666. This awful fire broke out on the 2d of September of that year, and continued four days—its ravages nearly consuming the entire city. It is a handsome fluted column of the Doric order, standing on a pedestal of forty feet in height, surmounted by a gilt brass urn of proportionate dimensions. It is quite imposing, overlooking as it does a large portion of the metropolis. We went on, (getting lost in the innumerable winding streets and alleys,) until suddenly we found ouselves alongside the Billingsgate Market, as you know of *choice* repute. It is not so large as I thought, and is an irregular shed-like structure, of common appearance. We did not remark any of the peculiarities of language for which it has been so noted, nor even in the people or market. We shortly came in view of the *Tower*, and its massy walls and turrets vividly called back to my memory all its early tales of blood. The most conspicuous part of this building is the White Tower, built by William the Conqueror for his palace and castle, and then occupied by successive Kings after him for several ages. Passing through the several gates, and putting ourselves under the charge of a guard in the ancient dress worn in the time of Henry VIII, we entered the first floor, called the "Horse Armoury." You know the Tower has been for a long lime the repository of the national arms and accoutrements, and also of the crown jewels.—The Horse Armoury is one single apartment of perhaps one hundred feet in length and forty feet in width; along the walls are ranged armors and banners, illustrative of different early reigns and disposed in devices of the most ingenious character; down the centre of the room is a line of equestrian figures of various periods, from Edward I. to James the II, a term of about three hundred years. First sat Edward the I, *en croupe*, and with all his armour, just in sheathing his sword. One would not take him for "the English law-giver," the name by which he is so proudly known: then came poor Henry VI, the weak hearted Edward IV, Henry VII, Henry VIII, the royal "Blue Beard," Edward VI, the youthful monarch.—Among these are some of the most magnificent specimens of armor that one could imagine, and all displayed on figures as if of life. In a corner is a man of arms, of the time of Henry VIII, of the gigantic height of seven feet; above the whole are banners bearing the date and the name of some King or Knight with his person represented in effigy below. But all description garbles the true effect, and so we better had not

——Be too minute;
An outline is the best,
A lively reader's fancy does the rest.

We ascended a staircase, around which we found but a continuation of the like objects of curiosity. I recall vividly with what emotions of sympathy and pity I looked upon the cloak in which the gallant General Wolfe died at Quebec, in the moment of victory, &c.

[To be resumed in our next.]

ITEMS OF NEWS.

Despatches from Louisville (K.) announce the death in that city of Bishop Bascom of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The length of the counters for the display of the articles at the World's Fair in London will be about 6 miles.

☞ The committee on the Jenny Lind Songs, after examining the six hundred that were submitted, awarded the honor and the prize of $200 to Bayard Taylor, a young Printer who has but recently laid down the *stick* to take up the *pen*.

The Washington Republic of Tuesday morning has the following announcement:

The circumstances which led to the change in the editorial department of the Republic in May last no longer existing, the undersigned cheerfully surrenders to John O. Sargent Esq., one of its able founders, the future control of its columns.

ALLEN A. HALL.

Mrs. Miller.—It is stated in a New York paper, that Mrs. Miller, whose sudden disappearance and supposed suicide at Niagara Falls, elicited so much remark a few months since, has, within a few days, returned of her own accord, to the home of her father, the late Senator Norvell, at Detroit, Michigan, who has died during her absence.

Death of the Rev. Dr. Judson.—We are in receipt of a telegraphic communication from the Baptist mission room at Boston, conveying the mournful but not altogether unexpected intelligence of the death of the Rev. Dr. Judson, the well known missionary to Burmah. He died at sea, on the 12th of April, nine days from Maulmain. His departure upon the voyage was touchingly described in a letter from Mrs. Judson to his children, recently published in our columns. By this calamity an excellent lady, "Fanny Forrester," of American literature, is left a widow.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

A fatal case of Monstrosity occurred in City Hall Place, New York, a short time since. The wife of a printer named Muldon, was brought to bed for the first time, and after the most protracted and severe labor, she gave birth to female twins perfectly formed, and of usual size, but born *vis a vis*, and united at the breast and abdomen by a growing together of the flesh! The arms of one were thrown over the other's shoulders but otherwise they were exactly alike, and presented no further singularity of form. The children were alive when born, but died soon after. What renders the case peculiarly painful is the subsequent death of the mother; every effort was made to save her, but the extraordinary effort of this double birth was too much for her strength, and she died at noon. This is one of the most singular cases on record, and is worthy of the notice of the faculty.—*Express.*

A Singular Fact.—Every President of the United States, with the exception of John Q. Adams, has been a member of the Masonic Fraternity.

Correspondence of the Pioneer.

New Orleans, Aug. 25, 1850.

Ed. Pioneer: To enter into an eulogium upon the march of improvement over time and space, would be the reciting of a tale more than twice told; but to congratnlate you on your recent accession to the proprietary of a newspaper—not so much the *paper* as its *character*—is my present purpose, the gratification of doing so being heightened by the knowledge of its reaching you presently. Fight well—and I know you are able to do so—in the cause which you have taken up, and if success does not immediately second your efforts, ne'er give up, but "try, try again."—Whiggery is mighty in numbers in the old "North State;" and why? The people want, and should have, the light of Democracy thrown upon its mysterious underworkings. They have relied too long and confidently upon the plausibilities of a Mangum, the witchery of a Manly, in whom, at last, they are beginning to discover no good. Pit the bantum Democracy against the subtle emblem of Whiggery, wherever found, and the coon and his principles will be domicilnated, where, from analogy, they should never have been brought from, in the *hollow* of his country residence.—Remember, "Principia non hominesl"

A summer residence in New Orleans is one that has its good and bad features, like all other things, though perhaps a little more of the former than of the latter. Especially is this the case in the opinion of the dry goods and levee clerks; for 'tis in the warm summer months alone that they are freed from continued labor and the vigilant eye of their employers. Generally the latter invariably leave for some of the one-hundred-and-one places of pleasure to be found without the precincts of Louisiana—some on the lake shores, others along the heights of Mobile Bay, the Gulf-coast, &c. The clerk is left to attend to whatever there may be to do in the absence of the principal; he immediately becomes, though in a more contracted sense, (like Crusoe is said to have remarked of himself) monarch of all he surveys; but, poor butterfly! his dignity and pleasures are short-lived—the summer o'er he discards his wings, re-assumes the "shape and person human," and prepares for another long and busy winter and spring.

The city is at present in the enjoyment of average summer health, though the institution by which the health of New Orleans is guaged contains a greater number of patients than has been before known, except in seasons of violent epidemics. The Charity Hospital alone has now within its walls over one thousand patients—some yellow fever cases, but the majority febrile diseases of other types. It was found necessary to prepare extra accommodations, in the form of sheds, and the occupation of space applied to other and less urgent purposes. Yet notwithstanding all this, we are enjoying immunity from endemic contagious disease, and those who have health are as happy these warm days as the most pompous Sultan of that harem of the North, Saratoga.

Since the unfortunate (or fortunate, time only could have solved, for speculation which was most absurdly rife on the matter, demonstrated nothing, termination of the great scheme plotted to rescue Antilla's pearl from the depths of of an ocean of ignorance and thraldom and crush the shell of monarchy which bound it in its prison-house, we have had no excitement of a character to attract attention to our city. We meet a friend at a corner, pondering over his next course, or leisurely strolling along in the shade of a four-story row; we stop, and conversation falls upon local incidents, accidents, *done of purpose*, &c., with which our budget is daily replenished, when we arrive at the door of a cafe, and an invariable invitation from one or the other to "touch a glass," seldom or never replied to in the negative, concludes the ceremonies.

The appointment of Conrad, of this State, to be Secretary of War, is not looked upon as a judicious one. It is argued that men of practical experience in their respective departments should be selected to officiate in the Cabinet.—The principle, I think, is a correct one: but so long as the constitution does not express what shall be the peculiar qualification of each Cabinet officer, just so long will its letter be followed, and favoritism be the rule of action of those who have the appointing power. Conrad, a civilian in every sense of the word—never in his life, I believe, having shouldered his musket to act upon the order of the manual—what does he know of the duties of a Secretary of War?

But I must conclude: I have tired you out. Success to you and the Pioneer!

Yours, COZ.

HONORS TO THE MEMORY OF GENERAL TAYLOR AT THE ISLAND OF MALTA.

The Malta Mail and United Service Journal, of August 10, says:

"On Monday last, an official communication of the death of Gen. Taylor, late President of the United States of America, having been made by Wm. Winthrop, Esq., the United States Consul in this city, to Vice Admiral Sir Wm. Parker, Bart., with an intimation that, on the 8th instant, the American flag woulk be hoisted half-mast high on the Consular staff, the gallant Admiral immediately replied by a letter of condolence and intimated his intention of trking part in the demonstration of respect to the memory of the deceased President, by ordering the American colors to be hoisted half-mast on the main-mast head of the ships of war in port, and also on those cruising under his command, and the British Ensign in a similar token, on the peak. General Ellice was, also, notified of the death of the late President, as were the foreign Consuls. The former immediately responded to the invitation, and ordered the flags on the forts and Palace to be displayed at half-mast. Yesterday in pursuance of orders issued by Sir Wm. Parker, the American flag was hoisted as above indicated, the British flag was similarly hoisted on the Palace staff, forts and public offices, and the foreign Consuls hastened to unite with their colleague, in hoisting the flags of the powers they represent, in token of mourning for the decease of the late distinguished General, the late President of the United States."

CALIFORNIA NEWS.

The intelligence received from California by the late arrivals is somewhat interesting, and we lay before our readers some items not before published:

Steam between California and China.—The California papers are still strenuously urging the establishment of a line of steamers to China. The San Francisco Courier suggests that a coal depot might be secured on the Southern coast of Japan, which could easily be reached in twenty-five days from San Francisco; five days more would take the steamers to Shanghai. This would bring the celestials within a short month of California, and would at the same time be an entering wedge towards the trade with Japan.—The Courier urges upon the American and English Governments the establishment of a light house on the Barren or Saddle Islands, as a leading mark for the mariner in navigating the Yang-tse-Kiang, and adds that without the assistance of either governments, the American, English and Chinese merchants of Shanghai, on assurance of the line being established, would have one built by subscription.

Trade with Japan.—The San Francisco Courier of 1st Aug., in announcing the arrival at that port of the valuable cargo of Japan mdze., says:

This, we understand, is the only importation of the kind to this port, and they have travelled a great distance before reaching their destination. It is well known that the Dutch are the only nation now suffered to trade with the Japanese, and that the only port where they have an entrance is Nanag-aki. The Dutch Consul at Canton induced his friends at Batavia to send for this cargo. It was sent from Japan to Batavia, from Batavia to Canton, from Canton here—this being the only mode in which it could be procured. Purser Wilson, of the Preble, a gentleman of practical and experienced views on commercial subjects, thinks that a direct trade can now be carried on with the Japanese in despite of the prohibtions of the Mandarins.

The same paper alludes to the recent mission of Capt. Glynn, of the U. S. Navy, to the Japanese Government, in the sloop of war Preble, and says:

We learn that Capt. Glynn, of the Peble, is now ordered home. The able and satisfactory manner in which he conducted his delicate mission to the Japanese government, entitles him to high credit. With his small force he obtained prompt compliance with his demands, and created a respect for our nation seldom felt by the haughty Japanese—a respect strange as it may appear, aided by a knowledge of the victories gained by our armies in Mexico—an account of which had probably reached this strange people through the Dutch Gazettes. The manner in which Capt. Glynn conducted this business was in the highest degree flattering to the national feeling of every American in the East, and we doubt not the government will despatch that officer to complete the work he has so ably commenced—a work for which he is so well and peculiarly suited by his scientific attainments.

The Discovery of Specie.—We gave yesterday [illegible] that of [illegible] discovery at Sonora, charged with the [illegible] American [illegible] graph from the Sonora Herald, [illegible] concluding scenes of the trial:

After the story there [illegible] a calm the people retired on Wednesday morning from the town in large numbers, and the community assumed its wonted quiet. Occasionally a noise was heard in the streets, but such only proceeded from a congregation of inebriated men. The trial of the prisoners commenced at about 10 o'clock, and concluded at 4 o'clock. The charge was simply that four Americans found four Mexicans in the act of burning a tent, and the two bodies of deceased, at the Green Flat diggings. The defence set up was that the bodies had been lying there, in a putrid state, many days, and it was in accordance with a custom of their countrymen that they were burned. There did not, in fact, appear a tittle of evidence against the prisoners, and the jury acquitted them. The prosecution was conducted by Messrs. Brooker and Van Buren, and the defence by Messrs. Perley and Moore. The learned counsel on both sides made able addresses to the jury. The one hundred and ten Mexicans brought in on Monday and confined in a kraal near the town, under a strong guard, were examined by Judges Radcliff and Barry. Nothing being elicited implicating any of their number, they were discharged and quietly permitted to return to their homes.

Progress of Religion in San Francisco.—The Courier states that among the many evidences of the progress of religion in San Francisco, the number of churches springing up on all sides is by no means the least gratifying. The following information in respect to this subject will be read with interest. It will be seen that the Rev. Mr. Taylor, who went out from Baltimore some time since, still continues to have under his charge the Methodist Episcopal Church:

The present Catholic church is situated on the half of a fifty vera lot in Valleyjo street, and is quite a spacious building. It was opened for divine service on St. Patrick's day—the 17th of March of this year. It is seventy-five by forty feet in the clear, and has 64 pews, each capable of accommodating three persons comfortably. The building can accommodate about 350 or 400 persons. There are three services every Sunday in the forenoon—one for the Spanish population at 8 o'clock, one for the French at 9 o'clock and one for the Americans at half past 10. There is alone an afternoon service at 5 o'clock. The very Rev. Antonie Langlois, vicar-general, has the charge of the congregation. He is assisted by Rev. Francis Coyle and Father Anderson, O. S. D., who has come out with the view of establishing a branch of his order in this city. The lot on which the church is built, with the small house now used as the residence of the priests, cost $5,000; the frame of the building $4,850; and the pews $1,000. The lot and frame have been paid for, but the church still owes for the pews. The building, which is called "the church of St. Francis," was put up by private subscription.

The first Presbyterian church, under the charge of the Rev. A. Williams, was organized on May 20th, 1849. This gentleman officiates temporarily in the Superior Court Room, City Hall, and has a large congregation, that room being well filled every Sunday. He has a beautiful frame church now in port, that was sent out from New York. It cost there $3000, one-half being an appropriation of the Board of Missions, and the other half being the contributions of friends in New York city. It is 35 by 75 feet, and capable of accommodating from five to six hundred persons.

The first Baptist Church, under the superintendence of Rev. Mr. Wheeler, is situated on Washington street near Stockton, and was organized June 24th, 1849. It is 30 by 50 feet, and accommodates about 300 persons. The lot on which it is built cost, we understand, $10,000. We have also been informed that Rev. Mr. Wheeler is expecting a frame building from the States.

The Episcopal denomination have two churches one called Trinity Church in charge of Rev. Mr. Mines, situated on the southwest corner of Jackson and Powell streets; and the other called Grace Church, in charge of Rev. Mr. Vermeher, situated at the northwest corner of Powell and Stockton streets.

On the lot adjoining Rev. Mr. Mines' church is the Methodist E. Church, under the charge of Rev. Mr. Taylor. This building was sent from Oregon, and is 25 by 40 feet.

The first Congregational Church is situated on Jackson street, corner of Virginia street, and is under the charge of Rev. Mr. Hunt. The lot cost $2,800, and the building $5,000.

The Rev. Mr. Boring, in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church South, has been preaching lately in the District Court room, City Hall, until he can procure a more suitable place.

In connection with each of these churches, there is a Sunday School, generally well attended. The churches are also well filled at the different services.

A Chinese Funeral.—The Courier gives the following description of the funeral of a citizen of the Celestial Empire, which took place at San Francisco on the 30th July:

A Chinese funeral took place yesterday. The Chinaman died at the Chinese Restaurant of Macoa & Waosung. The funeral was large, there being over one hundred and fifty Chinamen in the procession, each wearing a piece of white crape. A large number of persons visited the burying ground to witness the ceremonies, which were as follows:—They lowered the coffin as we do; they then threw the white bandage worn on their arms, into the grave; then matches and the wax candles, and a bottle of wine. Before covering the coffin, each person bowed his head to the earth and uttered some few words not by us understood. Then each threw a handful of [illegible] and the grave was then filled [illegible]

[illegible] Courier.

[illegible] We witness [illegible] the [illegible] chain [illegible] and boys, [illegible] in number, accompanied by their teacher on their way to the steamer Dana, with a view of making an excursion up the river. They were neatly dressed—carried their baskets of food with them, and seemed so joyous and happy, that we almost 'wished we were a boy again.' We have seen no sight here which called home so forcibly to our minds, with all its endearments.

A Mr. Collins, late a member of the Illinois Legislature, has recently arrived in this country; he left home on the 5th of May and has had a remarkably quick trip. He states that before he reached Fort Laramie he passed 8000 teams, and after leaving that point, although he could not keep count, he thinks he passed twice that number of teams.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

The royal mail steamer Asia arrived at Halifax on the 9th inst., bringing seven days' later intelligence from Europe.

Queen Victoria has gone to Scotland on a visit. The weather has been unfavorable to harvesting operations, and the general yield is not likely to be so great as was anticipated.

The trade in manufacturing districts continues brisk.

Submarine Telegraph.—The Submarine Telegraph between Calais and Dover has been completed and works well. Messages have been sent backwards and forwards with great accuracy and dispatch.

Death of Louis Philippe.—Louis Philippe, ex-king of France, who was deposed by the revolution of 18[illegible] a republican government established there, died on the 20th August, at his residence in England.

Louis Napoleon is still on his tour through the provinces, and produces much sensation wherever he goes.

Austria has given her adhesion to the English protection.

The Denmark question is still open. There is nothing from the seat of war beyond an account of some slight skirmishes.

THE MARKETS.

Liverpool Cotton Market, Aug. 31.—The cotton market was dull, and prices declined ⅛ to ¼d per lb. during the week. Fair Orleans is now quoted at 8¼d.; fair uplands 7¾d.; gair Mobile 8d.; middling qualities range from 7 to 7⅞d. Sales of the week not mentioned.

Breadsuffs—Indian corn has advanced 1s per quarter, and is quoted at 27s 6d; to 28s for yellow, and 28s a 28s 6d for white. Wheat rather dull. Flour is firm. Best western canal, 22s a 23s 6d; Ohio, 23 a 24s 6d; Philadelphia and Baltimore, 23s 6d a 24s.

Money Market.—The money market is easier, and several leading bankers have lowered their rates of interest. Consols closed at 86½ for money and account.

FROM HAVANA.

HAVANA, 1st Sept., 1850.

One of the most rabid government papers, the "Diario de la Marina," came out with a flaming article the other day, to the effect that a treaty of alliance had formally been entered into between Spain and England by which the latter bound herself to sustain Spain against all attempts at revolution, by the people of Cuba, or other parts of the Spanish domain. Another object of this treaty was to prevent the landing of any more Lopez expeditions on the "Gem of the Antilles," and the Diario calculated that with the aid of such a tremendous power as Great Britain, pledged to their side, the infernal Yankee pirates would never dare show their heads again in the neighborhood of Cuba.

The Diario states that in conformity to the above named treaty, the English frigate Indefatigable, was recently despatched to cruise around Cuba, and keep watch of vessels approaching the coast. The Indefatigable on her passage touched at Jamaica, to leave orders for the Admiral of the station, couched in the most stringent terms, towards the treatment of any vessels, suspected of designs against Cuba. The frigate was fifteen days, according to the Diario, in reaching Havana from Jamaica, in consequence of the immense numbers of vessels which it fell in with, every one of which was boarded and examined, to make sure that there were no arms, powder or men on board, bound to Cuba. Owing to the immense commerce of the United States, in those parts, the majority of all the vessels fallen in with, were American. But all were examined; not even excepting the regular American Steam Packets from Chagres. In every instance, says the Diario, when a vessel was thus examined, the Indefatigable exhibited at her fore, the Spanish flag, thus recognizing the right of Spain to search all vessels approaching the Cuban coast, and signifying the hearty co-operation of England to sustain Spain's interests.

With such a friend as England, the Spaniards think they can bid defiance to any attempt to overthrow their despotic rule. It is not generally believed here that any such treaty as the Diario speaks of, has been executed; nor have we heard that any American vessels have been searched, as alleged. United States citizens resident here, though they have been often greatly humbled by the outrageous conduct of Spanish officials, and are obliged to submit in silence, because our Government dare not say nay, can hardly believe that American vessels should be compelled to submit to the disgrace of being searched by English vessels, with Spanish flags at the fore, without notice being taken of the fact at home.

Two of the three remaining Contoy prisoners have been condemned, the other set free. The two condemned, one of whom is Capt. Benson, was sentenced to eight years hard labor on the roads, to mix with the most loathsome of all the Spanish criminals.

The recent execution by the Garote, at Cardenas, of Don Bernadino Hernandez has created much talk, and called down upon the Spanish tyrants the bitter execration of all Cuba. Hernandez [illegible] near Cardenas, [illegible] manner in [illegible] script. [illegible] witnesses', [illegible] pleasu[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

POETRY.

[*From the Southern Literary Gazette.*]

THE WORKERS.

"He that laboreth, laboreth for himself."
[*Proverbs.*

I saw the man of leisure,
And I saw the man of toil;
The one sought only pleasure,
The other tilled the soil.

Alike these men were sowing,
In the garden spot of life,
While all around were growing
The weeds of want and strife.

And he who wrought for pleasure,
Left the weeds just where they grew,
And wasted there God's treasure—
Pearls, pure as heavenly dew,

But he, the humble toiler,
Quick upturned the yielding earth,
And rooted out each spoiler,
As flowers of nothing worth.

Then came the summer shower,
The warm and genial sun,
On every leaf and flower,
Neglected was not one.

And after that each reaper
Come to gather where he'd strown—
Old Time—life's vigil keeper,
Alike o'er both had flown.

But he, the man of pleasure,
Had naught but chaff and weeds;
The other in full measure,
Gathered of lofty deeds.

Roswell, Ga. RUSTICUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A DUEL WITHOUT SECONDS.

A Daguerreotype from the State House of Arkansas.

BY A MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATURE.

The Legislature of Arkansas held a session shortly after the organization of the State Government. Every thing, of course, was in a condition of half chaotic transition. The "loaves and fishes" of office had not yet been fully divided, and monopoly was knocking noiselessly at the door of the "public crib," clamorous to be admitted. Intense was the fury of partisans within the House, and as fierce the excitement raging in the community without. The members mostly went to their places armed to their teeth, and besides the choice weapons, worn in their bosoms or protruding from their pockets, each kept an ample supply of revolving pistols in the writing desk before him. There were munitions of war enough in the hall to have answered the purpose of a small army.

Every evening after adjournment there was a general firing off and reloading, in order to have their "tools" of death in prime condition for the emergencies of the morrow. I was frequently startled from sleep at the hour of midnight, by the roar of incessant explosions, heard at different points in the city. Many legislators, during the day, would be out practising to learn the difficult art of cutting a tape string at ten paces, or of driving the centre of a silver quarter at twelve. They used as their pistol gallery a little grove of pine trees, immediately to the south side of the Arkansas river, and not more than fifty yards from the State House, where every report was fearfully audible; and admonished certain independent members of the doom they might speedily expect, provided their votes were not cast in favor of the banks! The Deringer-pistol and Bowie-knife governed. Power presided in gunpowder, and popularity hovered round the point of naked daggers.

Among the most agitating measures calling into exercise the wisdom of the Western *sages*, was the institution of the Real Estate Bank. Its establishment was strongly and steadily, but ineffectually opposed by a slender minority.—All the wealthiest men in the State, all the leading legislators took shares of its capital stock; and John Wilson, Speaker of the Lower House, was elected President. As this person was one of the chief actors in the tragedy soon to be recorded, a brief designation of his appearance and character becomes necessary.

Every public man in the backwoods has a *soubriquet* bestowed on account of some real or fancied peculiarity, by the whimsical humors of his constituents.—Speaker Wilson was called "Horse Ears," from his possessing an accident never before heard of in the natural history of the species. When excited by any violent emotion, his ears worked up and down flexibly, like those of a horse. A man of ordinary looks, nothing in his features or countenance denoted the desperado, save a strange, wild, twinkling expression of infantile grey eyes, always in motion with cold, keen glances, as if watching out for some secret enemy.—He had fought half a dozen duels with uniform success, and had been engaged in several more off hand affrays, in none of which had he received even the honor of a scar. Hence, as may be well supposed, his prowess inspired almost universal fear, and few were the shots to be found in Arkansas, who would voluntarily seek a quarrel with "old Horse Ears." As to the rest, he was the owner of a large cotton farm, rich and influential, honest, liberal and courteous in his manners; exceedingly amiable in his domestic relations, beloved by his family, and adored by his slaves; such are often the inconsistencies of human nature, which seems utterly incapable of producing unalloyed types of either good or evil—angels or devils.

During the session, previously specified, there was a member of the Lower House, by the name of Abel Anthony, in no way remarkable except for his opposition to the banks, and his sly, quiet wit, addicted to practical jokes. In the parlance of frontier technics, he belonged to the category of "peaceable men," having never in all his life before, had a rencontre. He was even deemed a coward, for he had been known to pocket open insults without so much as showing a sign of resentment.

One day the bill to provide for the more effectual rewarding of wolf slayers, denominated, in short, "the wolf scalp" bill, came up for discussion. This had been a standing reform measure from the earliest settlement of Arkansas, and will probably continue to be; so long as the Ozark mountains shall rear their black, bristling crests in the western division of the State, or the Mississippi swamps shall occupy so large an area in the east. Accordingly, whenever the wolf scalp bill is taken up, a tremendous debate ensues. The contest then is no longer between the *ins* and *outs* of power. Whigs and Democrats alike overleap the iron lines of party demarcation, and bring a general massacre of chance medley. It is a battle—war to the knife, and the knife to the handle—every member against every other; the object being, as to who shall urge the most annihilating statutes against their common foes, the wolves, because that is the great pivot question on which hinges the popularity of each and all.

The present occasion was the more arousing, as there had happened lately, a laughable, but most annoying instance in fraud of the previous territorial law. It seems that a cunning Yankee, fresh from the land growing "wooden nutmegs," had conceived a notable scheme of rearing wolves of his own; so that by butchering a hairy whelp at his option, and taking its ears to a Justice of the Peace, he could obtain a certificate of "wolf-scalp," entitling him to ten dollars out of the county treasury. It was said that this enterprising genius had already in his pens a number of fine looking breeders, and expressed sanguine hopes of realizing a handsome fortune.

Numerous were the provisions advocated to prevent such scandalous evasions in future. Among others, Brown C. Roberts of Marion, moved "that each certificate of a genuine wolf-scalp be based on no less than four affidavifs, and be signed by at least four justices and one judge of the circuit court."

Abel Anthony moved to amend by adding, "and by the President of the Real Estate Bank."

This was intended by the mover merely as a jest, to throw ridicule on the complicated machinery of Roberts' bill, and accordingly it excited a general smile. But very different was the effect on Mr. Speaker Wilson, President of the Real Estate Bank. He saw fit to interpret the amendment as the deadliest insult.

I glanced towards the honorable Chairman, expecting to see him enjoying the joke; but the moment I beheld his countenance, I was absolutely horrified at its savage expression. His face was of ashy paleness; and there, on those thin white lips, as if in mockery of malice, sat that grim, snake like, writhing smile, which merely moved the curled mouth, spreading no further, nor affecting any other feature—that significant smile of murder, so peculiar to almost the whole class of desperadoes, when about to do some deed of death. There was, however, brief space for speculation as to physiognomic signs; for hardly had the offensive words left Anthony's lips, when Wilson sprung to his feet and imperiously ordered the other to sit down.

Anthony manifested no token of either surprise or alarm, and replied mildly that he was entitled to the floor.

"Sit down!" Wilson repeated and this time in a shout like thunder.

"I am entitled to the floor, and will not resign it," said Anthony, apparently without anger, but giving back a look of calm, immovable resolution.

Speaker Wilson then left the chair, drew his bowie knife, descended the steps of the platform, and slowly and deliberately advanced through the hall some forty feet, in the direction of his foe—all the while that horrible smile, coiling up his pallid lips, and his short ears moving backwards, with those strange, short, sharp vibrations, which had won for him, long before, the nick name of "Horse Ears."

As Anthony was commonly considered a coward, when the spectators beheld the far-famed and all-dreaded duellist advancing upon him with uplifted blade glancing aloft in the air as if ready for the fatal blow, all supposed that the reputed craven would flee in terror from his place. No one believed that he was armed, or that he would fight under any circumstances, or with any odds of positions or weapons. But in this opinion everybody was mistaken, and no one, perhaps, more so, than his infuriate adversary. While that ferocious man was coming towards him, he stood calm and motionless as a pillar of marble. All his limbs were rigid as iron. His only evidence of unusual emotion was a copious efflux of tears! At the sight of this we all shuddered, for then we knew the weeper would conquer or perish.—In the backwoods, experience has demonstrated two unmistakeable tokens of thorough *desperation*—frozen smiles and gushing tears, and tears may always be regarded as far the most dangerous.—Such a conclusion was verified fully in the present instance; for as soon as the Speaker approached within ten feet of his weeping adversary, the latter suddenly drew a bowie knife from his bosom, and stepped boldly forward to the proffered battle. And then commenced a struggle for life and death, the most obstinate, bloody, and frightfully protracted ever witnessed in the south west.

Wilson's knife was long, keen, and so highly polished that you might see yourself in the reflection of its smooth, bright surface, as in the most perfect looking glass; the image being in extremely small miniature, so symmetrical was the rounding of the fine glittering steel. On each side of the glittering blade was a picture, the fac smile of the other; wrought in exquisite gold enamel, of two Indians in their wild, native costumes, engaged in mortal combat with bowie knives.

The weapon was of the largest size of the class, called in that country "Arkansas tooth-picks," the most murderous implement of destruction, before which a human eye ever quailed. On one side of its broad gleaming blade was the picture of a fight between a hunter and a black bear. The bear seemed to be squeezing the man to death in its iron hug, while he was fiercely digging at the monster's heart with the point of his knife.

Such devices are common on the arms of the most notorious despedadoes on the frontiers, and are the object of as intense a pride to their owners, as were the *insignia* of the most exalted chivalry to the knights of the heroic ages.—For all men are poets; and the idea seeks for evermore to render itself incarnate in the material form—to speak in knowing signs of the senses. Destructiveness will have its images as well as devotion!

Wilson made the first pass—a determined thrust at the pit of his antagonist, which the other dexterously parried. For a time both parties fought with admirable coolness, and with such consummate skill that only slight wounds were inflicted, and those on the head and face, whence blood began to trickle freely. And still—ominous and awful vision—while the contest raged, the opposite and characteristic signs of *desperation* remained fixed, sculptured by the hands of horrible vengeance in either countenance The cold smile now converted into a fiendish grin of immeasurable malice, still lingered on Wilson's livid lips; and the tears still flowed from Anthony's black blazing eyes! The clatter of the knives, thrusting and fending off, and sharply ringing against each other, was hideous to hear, and alone broke the appalling silence that reigned throughout the hall.

At length, both foes, maddened at the prolonged obstinacy of the struggle, and blinded by the gore from the red gashes about their eyes, lost all caution, coolness and equanimity, and battled wildly, more like devils than living men. Each one, more intent on taking the life of his enemy than in guarding his own, exerted every nerve and muscle with truculent fury, that struck the very beholders with icy fear. Both were soon very severely wounded in different parts of the body; but still there came no pause in the combat, till Anthony, striking a heavy, overhanded blow, cut his adversary's arm half off at the wrist! Wilson changed his bowie knife in his left hand, and for an instant, ran several steps backward, as if to decline any further contest. He then stopped, and smiling more frightfully than ever, with a fearful, infernal look, again rushed forward. Precisely at this crisis, when certain victory was within his grasp, Anthony committed the folly of flinging his knife at the other's bosom, which, missing its aim, fell with a loud ringing noise on the floor, more than thirty feet distant.

This error decided the tremendous combat. Anthony was entirely disarmed, and at the mercy of the tiger man.—Wilson darted upon him with a hoarse cry of anger and hellish joy—there, where he stood, motionless as a rock, powerless to resist, and yet too brave to fly. One sharp thrust ripped open the victim's bowels, who caught them as they were falling in his hands. Another stroke directed at the neck, severed the main artery, and the blood spouting out with a gurgling noise, sprinkled the robes, and even the faces of some members who sat nearest to the horrid scene.

The last act of the tragedy was closed, and the curtain of death dropped on the gory stage. Anthony, without a groan or sigh, fell in his place a corpse, and Wilson, fainting from loss of blood, sank down beside him.

Up to this moment, although sixty legislators were in their seats, and more than a hundred lookers on in the lobby, and jewelled bevies of bright-eyed ladies in the gallery, still no one save those raging madmen had moved, no sound had disturbed the whisperless silence but the clangors of the concussive steel.

But then, as both tumbled on the floor, like lumps of lead, a wailing, heart shivering shriek, as if some other soul were parting with its mortal clay, arose in the crowd of females, and all was again still; but whether that deep cry of an orphaned spirit was uttered by the maiden of poor Anthony's bosom, who had hoped to-morrow to be his bride, or by the beautiful daughter of Wilson, or by some pitying stranger, could never be ascertained. Wilson recovered, and is yet alive; and there is scarcely a square inch on his face that does not show its deep scar, as a memento of the matchless combat. He was expelled from the House, bailed by a *merciful* Judge, brought to trial and acquitted. There was never a jury yet in the backwoods who would convict a person for slaying another in fair fight. For the desperado is the backwoods hero whom all men *worship*.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

What is joy? 'Tis the well spring of pleasure, a messenger of peace, a precious thing a hallowed dream.

What is grief? The evening to all pleasure, the deep and sombre feeling of regret; the child of sorrow.

What is hatred? An envious name, a theme for devils; the parent of envy, jealousy and rage.

What is sin? The son of Satan, twin brother to death, the father of corruption.

What is religion? The pilot of the soul to the bright fields of Heaven; a communion with the Father of Spirits.

What is love? An inexpressible thing; a volume in a word, an ocean in a tear, a whirlwind in a sigh.

What is truth? It is that principle which emanates from the throne of the Deity; the great champion of the rights of men.

What is happiness? An unseen thing; a golden dream of pleasure; the great desideratum.

What is death? A sleep, a rest from earth's toils and cares, a separation of the soul from the frail tenement of clay.

What is immortality? An undying name, an everlasting home for the redeemed sons of light.

Give me the liberty to know, utter, and argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties. Though the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth can be in the field, we do *injuriously*, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let Her and Falsehood grapple, who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter."—*Milton.*

The man of genius thinks for himself; his opinions are contrary to those commonly received; he therefore shocks the vanity of the greatest number. To offend nobody, we should have no ideas but those of the world, as man is then without genius and without enemies.

Frowns blight young children, as frosty nights blight young plants.

THE GOOD ANGELS.

"Come, Ady and Jane, it's time you were in bed," said Mrs. Freeman to her two little daughters, about nine o'clock one evening. Ady was nine years old, and Jane was a year and a half younger. The two children had been sitting at the work-table with their mother, one of them studying her lesson, and the other engaged on a piece of fancy needlework.

"Papa hasn't come home yet," answered Ady.

"No, dear, but it's getting late, and it is time you were in bed. He may not be home for an hour."

Ady laid aside her work and left the table, and Jane closed her books and put them away in her school satchel.

"You can light the little lamp on the mantlepiece," said Mrs. Freeman, after a few moments, and looking around as she spoke, she saw the children had both put on their bonnets, and were tying their warm capes close about their necks. She understood well the meaning of this, and therefore did not ask a question, although the tears came to her eyes, and her voice trembled as she said:—

"It is very cold out to-night children."

"But we don't feel it, mother," replied Ady. "We'll run along very quick."

And the two little ones went out, before their mother, whose feelings were choking her, could say a word. As they closed the door after them, and left her alone, she raised her eyes upwards, and murmured:

"God bless and reward the dear children!"

It was a black winter night, as the little adventurers stepped into the street; the wind swept fiercely along, and almost drove them back into the door.—But they caught each other tightly by the hands, and bending their little forms to meet the pressure, hurried on the way they were going as fast as their little feet could move. The sireets were dark and deserted, but the children were not afraid. Love filled their hearts and left no room for fear.

They did not speak a word to each other as they hastened along. After going for a distance of several blocks, they stopped before a house, over the door of which was a handsome ornamental gas lamp bearing these words, "Oysters and Refreshments." It was a strange place for two little girls like them to enter, and at such an hour; but after standing for a moment, they pushed against the green door, which turned lightly on its hinges, and stepped into a large and brilliant lighted bar-room.

"Bless me!" exclaimed a man who sat reading at a table, "here are those babes again."

Ady and Jane stood still near the door, and looking all around the room. But not seeing the object of their search, they went up to the bar, and said timidly to a man who stood behind it, pouring liquor into glasses—

"Has papa been here to-night?"

The man leaned over the bar, until his face was close to the children, and said in an angry way—

"I don't know any thing about your father. And see here! don't you come here any more. If you do, I'll call my big dog out of the yard and make him bite you."

Ady and Jane felt frightened, as well by the harsh manner as the angry words of the man, and they turned back from him, and were turning towards the door with sad faces, when the person who had first remarked their entrance, called loud enough for them to hear him—

"Come here, my little girls."

The children stopped and looked at him, when he beckoned for them to approach, and they did so.

"Are you looking for your father?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied Ady.

"What did the man at the bar say to you?"

"He said that papa wasn't here; and that, if we came any more, he would set his dog on us."

"He did?"

"Yes, sir."

The man knit his brow for an instant—then he said—

"Who sent you here?"

"Nobody," answered Ady.

"Don't your mother know you have come?"

"Yes sir. She told us to go to bed; but we couldn't go until papa was home. And so we came for him first."

"He is here."

"Is he?" And the children's faces brightened.

"Yes, he's at the other side of the room. I'll wake him for you."

Half intoxicated, and sound asleep, it was with some difficulty that Mr. Freeman could be aroused.

As soon, however, as his eyes were fairly opened, and he found Ady and Jane had each grasped one of his hands, he rose up, and yielding passively to their direction, suffered them to lead him away.

"O, dear," exclaimed a man who had looked on with wonder and deep interest. "That's a temperance lecture that I can't stand. God bless the little ones, he added, with emotion, "and give them a sober father."

"I guess you never saw them before," said one of the bar-keepers, lightly.

"No; and I never wish to again, at least in this place. Who is their father?"

"Freeman, the lawyer."

"Not the one who a few years ago, conducted with so much ability, the case against the Marine Insurance Company?"

"The same.'

"Is it possible?"

A little group now formed around the man and a good deal was said about Freeman and his fall from sobriety.—One who had several times seen Ady and Jane come in and lead him home as they had just done, spoke of them with much feeling, and all argued that it was a most touching scene.

'To see,' said one, 'how passively he yields himself to the little things, when they come after him. I feel sometimes, when I see them, almost weak enough to shed tears.'

'They are his good angels,' remarked another. 'But I'm afraid they are not strong enough to lead him back to the paths he has forsaken.'

'You can think what you please about it gentlemen,' spoke up the landlord, 'but I can tell you my opinion upon the subject: I wouldn't give much for the mother who would let two little things like them go wandering about the streets alone at this time of night."

One of them who had expressed an interest in the children, felt angry at these remarks, and he retorted with some bitterness,

'And I would think less of the man who would make their father drunk!'

'Ditto to that,' responded one of the company.

'And here's my hand to that,' said another.

The landlord finding that a majority of his company were likely to be against him, smothered his angry feelings, and kept silence. A few minutes afterwards, two or three of the inmates of the bar-room went away.

About ten o'clock on the next morning, while Mr. Freeman, who was generally sober in the forepart of the day, was in his office, a stranger entered, and after sitting down, said:

'I must crave your pardon beforehand for what I am going to say. Will you promise me not to be offended?'

'If you offer me an insult, I will resent it,' said the lawyer.

'So far from that I come with the desire to do you a great service.'

'Very well—say on.'

'I was at Lawson's refrectory last night.'

'Well?'

'And I saw something there that touched my heart. If I slept at all last night, it was only to dream of it. I am a father, sir; I saw two little girls and I love them tenderly. O, sir! the thought of their coming out, in the cold winter night, in search of me, in such a polluted place, makes the blood feel cold in my veins!'

Words so unexpected, coming upon Mr. Freeman when he was comparatively sober, disturbed him deeply. In spite of all his endeavors to remain calm, he trembled all over. He made an effort to say something in reply, but he could not utter a single word.

'My dear sir,' pursued the stranger, 'you have fallen at the hand of the monster intemperance, and I feel that you are in great peril. You have not, however, fallen hopelessly. You may yet rise, if you will. Let me, in the name of the sweet babes who have shown in so wonderful a manner their love for you, conjure you to rise up superior to this deadly foe. Reward those dear children with the highest blessings their heart can desire. Come with me and sign the pledge of freedom. Let us, tho' strangers to each other, unite in this good act—Come!'

Half bewildered, though with a new hope in his heart, Freeman arose, and suffered the man, who drew his arm within his, to lead him away. Before they separated both had signed the pledge.

That evening unexpectedly, and to the joy of his family, Mr. Freeman was perfectly sober when he came home—After tea, while Ady and Jane were standing on either side of him, as he sat near their mother, an arm around each of them, he said in a low whisper,

'You will never have to come for me again.'

The children then lifted their eyes quickly to his face, but half understanding what he meant.

'I will never go there again,' he added; 'I will always stay at home with you,'

Ady and Jane, now comprehending what their father meant, overcome with joy hid their faces in his lap, and wept for very gladness.

Low as all this had been said, every word reached the mother's ears; and while her heart yet stood trembling between hope and fear, Mr. Freeman drew a paper from his pocket and threw it on the table by which she was sitting. She opened it hastily. It was a pledge, with his well known signature subscribed at the bottom.

With a cry of joy, she sprang to his side, and his arms encircled his wife, as well as his children, in a fonder embrace than they had known for years.

The children's love had saved their father. They were indeed his good Angels.

WHAT I HAVE NEVER KNOWN.

I have never known a poor man to obtain a premium at a fair where there was a rich man to compete with him.

I have never known a naturally dishonest man to become morally honest by becoming a church member.

I have never known a minister of the Gospel to be called from a high to a low salary.

I have never known a poor man respected because he was poor.

I have never known a rich man but what was respected for his riches.

I have never known a merchant to continue his conversation with a poor man, when a rich man entered his store.

I have never known a white handed, hairy faced office seeker to be very conversant with a poor man after election.

I have never known a man strictly and morally honest to become rich, by his own daily labor.

I never have known a fashion too ridiculous to be followed.

I never have known a system of religion too absurd to find followers.

I never have known a political abolitionist that would put a negro into his best bed.

I never have known the order of nature reversed to please any man.

I never have known a minister of the Gospel that hated the women.

I have never known a man to be better than he should be.

CUTE.—One of those generous, disinterested sacrificing gentleman had stuck upon every other pane of glass, 'Selling off—no reasonable offer refused—must close on Saturday." This man once offered himself as bail, or security for some case which was brought before a magistrate. The magistrate asked him if he was worth two hundred pounds.

'Yes sir.' he replied.

'But you are about to remove, are you not?'

'No sir.'

'Why, you write up, 'Selling off!'

'Yes, every shopkeeper is selling off.'

'You also say, 'No reasonble offer will be refused?'

'Why, I should be very unreasonable if I did refuse such offers.'

'But you say, 'Must close on Saturday.'

'To be sure; you would not have me open on Sunday, would you?'

A curious scheme this to entice, if not to entrap the unwary.

TAKING A NEWSPAPER.

A PRACTICAL STORY, PLEASANTLY TOLD.

'Pleasant day this, neighbor Gaskill,' said one farmer to another, coming into the barn of the latter, who was engaged in separating the chaff from the wheat crop, by the means of a fan.

'Very fine day, friend Alton—any news?' returned the individual addressed.

'Nothing of importance; I have called over to see if you wouldn't join Carpenter and myself in taking the paper this year. The price is only two dollars.'

'Nothing cheap that you don't want,' returned Gaskill in a positive tone, 'I don't believe in newspapers; I never heard of one doing any good, and nothing can be got out of them until its read through. They would not be good for a cent if a paper came every week; and besides dollars ain't picked up in every corn hill.'

'But think, neighbor Gaskill, how much information your gals would get if they had a fresh newspaper every week, filled with all the latest intelligence. The time they would spend in reading, would be nothing to what they would gain.'

'And what would they gain, I wonder? get their heads filled with nonsensical stories. Look at Sally Black; isn't she a fine specimen of your newspaper reading gals? Not worth to her father three pumpkin seeds. I remember well enough when she was one of the most promising bodies about here. But her father was fool enough to take a newspaper. Any one could see a change in Sally! She to spruce up and look smart. First came a bow on her Sunday bonnet, and then gloves to go to meeting. After that, she must be sent to school again, and that at the very time when she began to be worth something about home. And now she has got a forty piano, and a fellow comes every week to teach her music.'

'Then you won't join us, neighbor?' Mr. Alton said, avoiding a useless reply to Gaskill.

'O no! that I will not. Money thrown away on newspapers is worse than wasted. I never heard of their doing any good. The time spent in reading a newspaper every week would be enough to raise a hundred bushels of potatoes. Your newspaper, in my opinion, is a dear bargain at any price.

Mr. Alton changed the subject, and soon left neighbor Gaskill to his fancies.

About three months afterwards, however, they again met, as they had frequently done during the intermediate time.

'Have you sold your wheat yet?' asked Mr. Alton.

'Yes, I sold it day before yesterday.'

'How much did you get for it?'

'Eighty-five cents.'

'No more! Why I thought every one knew that the price had advanced to ninety-five cents. To whom did you sell?'

'To Wakeful, the storekeeper in R—. He met me day before yesterday, and asked me if I had sold my crop yet. I said I had not. He then offered to take it at eighty-five cents, the market price, and I said he might as well have it as there was doubtless little chance of its rising. Yesterday he sent over his wagon and took it away.'

'This was hardly fair in Wakeful.—He came to me also and offered to buy my crop at eighty-five—but I told him I had just received my newspaper, in which I saw that in consequence of accounts from Europe of a short crop, grain had gone up. I asked him ninety-five, which, after some haggling, he consented to give.'

'Did he pay you ninety-five?' exclaimed Gaskill, in surprise and chagrin.

'He certainly did.'

'Too bad! too bad! No better than downright cheating, to take such a shameful advantage of a man's ignorance.'

'Certainly, Wakeful cannot be justified in his conduct,' replied Mr. Alton. 'It is not right for one man to take advantage of another man's ignorance, and get his goods for less than they are worth. But does not any man deserve to suffer who remains wilfully ignorant, in a world where he knows there are always enough ready to avail themselves of his ignorance? Had you been willing to expend two dollars for the use of a newspaper for a whole year, you would have saved in the single item of your wheat crop alone, fourteen dollars! just think of that. Mr. Wakeful takes the newspapers, and, by watching them closely, is always prepared to make good bargains with some half dozen others around here, who have not wit enough to provide themselves with the only true avenue of information on all subjects—the newspapers.'

'Have you sold your potatoes?' asked Gaskill, with some concern in his voice.

'O no, not yet. Wakeful has been making me offers for the last ten days.—But from the prices they are bringing in Philadelphia, I am well satisfied they are 30 cents here.'

'About thirty! Why I sold to Wakeful for about twenty six cents.'

'A great dunce you were, if I must speak so plainly; he offered me 29 cents for 400 bushels. But I declined—and I was right. They are worth 30 to-day, and at that price I am going to sell.

'Isn't it too bad?' ejaculated the mortified farmer, walking backwards, impatiently. There are $25 literally sunk in the sea. That Wakeful has cheated me most outrageously.'

'And all because you are too close to take a newspaper. I should call that saving at the spigot, and letting out at the bunghole, neighbor Gaskill.'

'I should think it was indeed. This very day I'll send off money for a newspaper; and if any one gets ahead of me again he'll have to be wide awake I can tell him.'

'Have you heard of Sally Black?' asked Mr. Alton, after a brief silence.

'She leaves home to-morrow, and goes to R——.'

'Indeed. What for?'

'Her father takes the newspaper, you know.'

'Yes.'

'And has given her a good education.'

'So they say, but I could never see that it has done any good for her, except to make her good for nothing.'

'Not quite so bad as that, friend Gaskill. But to proceed; two weeks ago, Mr. Black saw an advertisement in the paper for a young lady to teach mu and some other branches in the semin ry at ——. He showed it to Sally, a she asked him to ride over and see abo it. He did so, and then returned f Sally, and went back again. The tru tees of the seminary liked her ver much, and engaged her at the salary $400 a year. To-morrow she goes take charge of her respective classes.'

'You cannot, surely, be in earnest farmer Gaskill said, with a look of pro found astonishment.

'It's every word true,' replied Mr. A ton. 'And now you will hardly say tha a newspaper is dear at any price, or tha the reading of them has spoiled Sall Black.'

Gaskill looked upon the ground f many minutes. Then raising his hea he half ejaculated with a sigh:

'If I haven't been a confounded fool I come plaguey near it! But I will be fool no longer. I'll subscribe for a news paper to-morrow—see if I don't.'

EDUCATION AND LABOR.

How many mistaken notions exis even amongst intelligent men in regard to education! Few agree in the defini tion of the term. Its extent and instru ments, its object and effect are matter of perpetual controversy. "Knowledg is power," has become an axiom, bu storing the head without learning, an neglecting to educate the hands have signally failed to create the bones and sinews of strength. That man's knowledge is only half complete who is unacquainted with any practical business o life, notwithstanding his intellect has fathomed all the depths of science. Like the old æronaut, who, from his cloud encircled canopy, sees immense tracts of country, meandering streams, and populous cities spread out beneath him, without being able to direct his own course, or turn his own position to advantage—the mere book-worm, a walking textbook of principles, dates and facts, is the continual sport of accident, and is controlled by the breath of circumstance.

Mechanical labor gives its magic wand of power to knowledge. It sink the shaft in the mine and exhumes buried wealth—converts the raw rial of agricultural production into and gorgeous fabric, constructs the aces of wealth and rears the te God; fashions the gnarled oak has stood for centuries battling winds, into swift winged ships; l es the elements to ponderous ma or stamps an immortality upon thought, thus sending forth an i which controls the character of the destiny of nations.

Who have brought into acti new and mighty agencies whic print, spin, weave, dig and dra forever active in the forge and wo drive the ship against the wind a bring the ends of a continent hearing of each other and unv mysteries of heaven! Not men ence untaught in all but intellec bor, but the educated artizan. world owes all, or nearly all its blessings, its wonderful discover useful inventions to the sons of And why are the present generati taught some useful handicraft as the principles of science.

But the youth must be taught t ter, to be truly independent. Th who does not labor somewhere, is than useless—he is a dangerous m of society. He becomes a prey to own passions, and scourges others his own vices, or panders to those are able to gratify his irregular de Yet so uncertain are human event sudden and entire the changes of i ual position in the closely con struggles of life, that mere intell cultivation, so far from insuring in dence, may not always provide th cessary means of subsistence.

Poverty, however, is noble and pendent if the sinews are strengt by labor and the hands educated a as the head. The mechanic is where needed to hew and squa frame and build, to fashion and to iron into its tens of thousands of forms; to stretch the lightning's co tors across the continents; to in durable form upon thought, and chieve the myriads of other labors satisfy the cultivated desires of m Educate, then, the mind, but not n the hands. Away with the vain current only among drivelling dota brainless caricatures of humanity the artizan holds a secondary rank ciety. The masses now rule the w even in the old monarchies their is felt and feared. In this land of dom, whoever is ruled by others, be he depends on them for support, is worthy of his education as one can his disgrace.

LIFE AT TWENTY.

Dow, Jr., describes life at twent the following unique manner:

"Friends: at twenty, we are wi partridges. There's no such thin taming us; we ride that fierce, fiery head-strong animal, Passion, over fe ditches, on to the devil, leap the barred gate of reason without touc the curb of discretion, or pulling ha than a tit-mouse upon the strong re judgment. And at twenty you are a fect locomotive; going at the rate of miles an hour, you heat the boiler, is the steam, you sometimes blow o sighs—and hope, fear, anxiety and ousy, are the train that you drag. this season of ife you are filled with exhilarating gas of romance; everyt looks romantic by spells—even a jac philosophising over a barrel of vine You (both girls and boys) now read n els till your gizzards have softened sentimental jelly and settled into the of your stomach! Oh, I know how feel! you feel as though you would to soar from star to star, kick little p ets aside, take crazy comets by t blazing hair, and pull them into t right courses, sit upon the highest p of a thunder cloud, and dangle the lightning between your thumb and fin as a watch chain, and then dive down to the golden sunset sea, and sport w the celestial syrens, speed on, pull nose of the man in the moon, ransack creation, knock a few panes out of window of heaven, and then flutter d gently as a breeze, and find the dar object of your love, mending stockin That's how you feel.

We all dig our graves with our teeth.